

American

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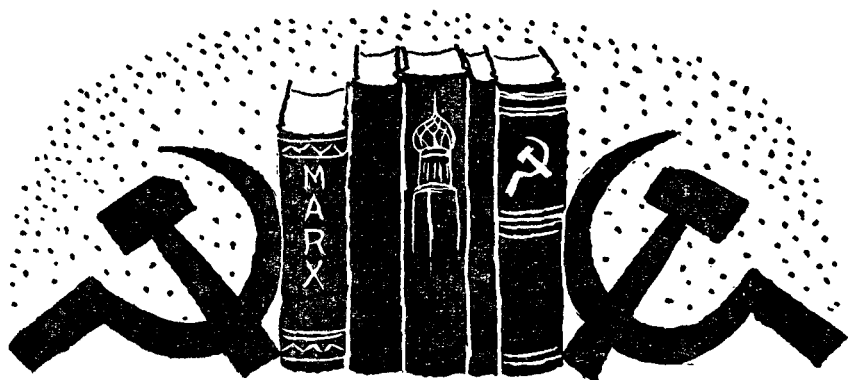
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What Has Joe McCarthy Accomplished?

By

Harold Lord Varney

THE loudly ballyhooed Left Wing drive that was going to blast Joe McCarthy out of the United States Senate is showing signs of collapse.

The mud guns are still erupting but it's not McCarthy, it's the smearers who are now in trouble. Senator Lehman, Walter Reuther, Edward R. Murrow, and a few more diehards are still popping off, but such furious challengers of yesterday as ex-Senator Tydings, ex-Senator Benton, ex-Congresswoman Douglas and the fading Drew Pearson aren't talking much any more about McCarthy. Despite frantic efforts of

the *Daily Worker* and the *Reporter* to keep the smear train going, the steam has gone out of the boilers.

Back in February, 1950, when McCarthy made his famous Wheeling speech disclosing the Communist putrefaction in the State Department, few would have given odds on his survival. The Truman-ADA-Communist forces arrayed against him seemed too overwhelming.

But today — four years and some billions of words of smear copy later — the silencing of Joe McCarthy doesn't look so easy. The great accuser has revealed a political destructibility which has amazed

his haters. Two recent incidents accent the fact.

On June 1, 1950, at the worst moment of the Acheson-Tydings counterattack on McCarthy, seven Senate Republicans, believing that they were playing good politics, issued a "Declaration of Conscience" repudiating the Wisconsin Senator. It was generally believed at the time that this thrust from his own camp would finish Joe off. It didn't.

What happened to the seven Republicans? One died. Another left the party. But of the remaining five, not a single one voted against McCarthy on February 2, 1954, when he came before the Senate for an increased appropriation for his Subcommittee on Investigations. McCarthy got his appropriation by a Senate vote of 85 to 1. The "conscience" Republicans had made a singular recovery from their qualms.

Another straw was even more revealing. Early last January the Gallup Poll sampled national opinion on McCarthy. This was a follow-up of several previous pollings. Gallup found that, after absorbing the most venomous smear attack of our times, McCarthy in 1954 stands at the all-time peak of his national support.

Fifty per cent of those sampled by the Poll were favorable to the Senator against only 29% unfavorable. As late as August, 1953, the count had stood at 34% favorable; 42% unfavorable.

The meaning of this extraordinary

public opinion shift is unmistakable. Despite all the dead cats, it is McCarthy who has voiced the actual mood of the American people during the last four years. It is his Left-minded challengers and their dupes, mostly concentrated in Washington and New York, who have been out of tune.

WHEN we search for the keys to McCarthy's extraordinary political achievement, we are struck first by the ironic role which the Senator's enemies have played in his build-up. Walter Reuther, in his recent speech before the Canadian editors, shed bitter tears over the contribution of the newspapers to McCarthy's present stature. The point which Reuther missed was that the press placed the Wisconsin Senator on Page One only after his maligners, including Reuther himself, had unleashed a slander campaign against him of almost unparalleled venom.

But even more important than the disrepute of his adversaries in building his prestige has been his impressive record of result-getting. The Senator has not batted one hundred on his many inquiries of the last four years, but his score of successes has been so high as to amaze even the skeptical. In anti-McCarthy propaganda, a stock argument has been the denial that he has actually accomplished anything important. The facts speak convincingly for McCarthy.

FOR purposes of review it must be recalled that the McCarthy inquiries fall into two separate periods. The first, from February, 1950, to January, 1953, saw him a minority member of the Senate (often not wholeheartedly aided by his fellow Republicans) without official power of subpoena or investigation.

The second period commenced in January, 1953, when McCarthy became chairman of the Senate Committee on Government Operations, with an annual fund of \$200,000 (later increased to \$214,000) to conduct inquiries. During this current period, he has enjoyed the power of subpoena, and has been able effectually to follow through his inquiries. Obviously a different yardstick must be used for the two periods.

Without attempting to recapitulate all of McCarthy's antisubversive activities in the pre-1953 period, a few citations will indicate their scope. His first task was to break down the encrusted smugness and assurance of the Acheson ring in the State Department. When we remember the cocky arrogance and insolence of Dean Acheson and his favorites during the period of the China White Paper of July 30, 1949, and the Acheson and Truman "hands off" statements of January, 1950, we can envisage the difficulty of such a task.

Only a slashing frontal attack would have availed. Striking for the jugular, the Senator in his famous Senate speech of February 20, 1950,

produced a list of 81 State Department employees, past or present, who were serious security risks — citing them at first by number instead of name, in fairness to those who could prove innocence.

The validity of the McCarthy charges is shown by the fact that virtually every individual on this February 20, 1950, list is now out of the State Department, either by resignation or dismissal.

Subsequently, McCarthy named several other even more important State Department figures as serious security risks, including Owen Lattimore, Ambassador Philip C. Jessup, John Carter Vincent, Haldore Hanson, John Stewart Service, Oliver Edmund Clubb and Edward G. Posniak. At the announcement of each of these names, the abuse and invective rose to storm heat. McCarthy was striking now at key figures in the Acheson ring, and every weapon of coercion and intimidation was invoked, including the threat of expulsion from the Senate. But McCarthy didn't scare.

After the name-calling had run its course, McCarthy's boxscore on these State Department principals stood as follows:

1. Owen Lattimore, dropped from the directorship of the Walter Hines Page School at Johns Hopkins, and indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for perjury.

2. Philip C. Jessup, refused a favorable vote for confirmation by the Senate Foreign Affairs Com-

mittee in 1952, when President Truman reappointed him Ambassador to the United Nations, and retired unconfirmed.

3. John Carter Vincent, permitted to retire from the State Department on March 4, 1953, on the ground that his performance of duty had fallen short of the standards required "at this critical time."

4. Haldore Hanson, taken out of a sensitive executive post in the Point Four division and transferred to minor work.

5. John Stewart Service, dismissed from the State Department on December 13, 1951, on the ground that there was "reasonable doubt" of his loyalty.

6. Oliver Edmund Clubb, declared a security risk by the State Department Loyalty Board in February, 1952, but permitted to retire on pension by Acheson.

7. Edward G. Posniak, permitted to resign after the McCarthy exposure.

The important thing to note, in these major exposés, is that each one was cited at first by the Senator's scoffers as another instance of McCarthy shotgun accusation. In the end, even a Truman State Department found it necessary in every case to backtrack and accept the McCarthy conclusions.

Thanks to the McCarthy fight, the Acheson coterie went out of the State Department on January 3, 1953, a dazed and discredited band. It had taken just three years to

reverse the whole Washington atmosphere.

HAVING demonstrated what he could accomplish as a free lance, McCarthy in January, 1953, when he became chairman of the Government Operations Committee, stepped into a new role. In an administration distinguished by a score or more of simultaneous Congressional investigations into Truman misrule, it is McCarthy's Committee which has held the spotlight. It has done so by sheer force of steady, driving attack.

The surprising thing, to those who had unquestioningly believed the smear stories, was the scrupulous fairness of a McCarthy investigation. The nation saw only the full-dress public hearings, at which individuals with a strong presumption of guilt were examined. What it did not see was the long and painstaking pattern of preliminary investigation which preceded these spectacular occasions. In the preliminaries, hundreds of reputed security risks were examined, with no publicity and no injury to reputation. The innocent were winnowed out. Only hardened "Fifth Amendment" cases, or individuals of clear guilt or unfitness were subjected to the pitiless light of the public session. In these sessions, McCarthy was frankly tough. He had to be tough in order to break down the brazen defiance and the bureaucratic insolence of most of his examinees.

Statistics are disembodied things, but it is enlightening to know that during the first session of the 83rd Congress, the McCarthy Committee initiated 157 separate investigations. It conducted 445 preliminary inquiries which did not lead to further investigations. It examined 546 witnesses in public or private sessions, and turned up 79 Fifth Amendment Communists. Most of these inquiries were pointed at situations which had long been festering but which no one, before McCarthy, had seriously scrutinized.

The most spectacular McCarthy job, in the first session, was the probe of the Voice of America.

Prior to this inquiry, the VOA had enjoyed a status as a sort of sacred cow among government agencies. Set up initially by William Benton, while he was Assistant Secretary of State, its personnel was waterlogged with Left-minded and incompetent men who owed their jobs to "connections" in high Truman circles.

When McCarthy looked into the Voice, he found such miscast individuals as Reed Harris, W. Bradley Connors, Edwin M. J. Kretzman, Dr. William Johnstone Jr., Theodore Kaghan and Raymond Gram Swing conducting this supposedly anti-Communist propaganda operation.

With scant cooperation from his own Republican administration, and with ribald abuse from the Liberal-Left, McCarthy broke the grip of the hold-overs on the VOA. American-minded staff members, long

cowed by their superiors, came boldly before the Committee and drew a picture of waste and mismanagement which couldn't be shrugged off. Harris, Kaghan, Swing, Connors and Johnstone were soon on their way out.

McCarthy himself would be the first to concede that the VOA job is finished. Theodore C. Streibert, Eisenhower appointee as director of the USIE, which supervises the Voice, has made the self-revealing statement that we are not fighting international Communism: we are fighting Russian imperialism. A Voice, guided by such an extraordinary concept of America's propaganda task, would be a weak instrument against the advance of Communism.

A PARALLEL condition of top incompetence was found in the VOA engineering department, whose chief engineer, it was discovered, had never even attended an engineering school. Committee inquiries uncovered staggering waste in the so-called Baker West and Baker East transmitter construction jobs. By halting these ill-planned projects, the committee saved the American taxpayer at least \$18 million.

But the move which really infuriated the Left-of-Center brethren was the McCarthy inquiry into the libraries. The whole public discussion of the library issue has been conducted in a smoke screen of high-level lying and distortion.

What was at stake was, of course,

the question whether pro-Communist printed matter should be bought and displayed overseas by the International Information Administration as approved American propaganda. The issue was distorted by McCarthy's enemies into one of "book burning" and thought suppression.

The United States, as a part of its propaganda against Communism, maintains 285 library centers in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America. These libraries are widely used by intellectuals in all countries. Only a fool or a pro-Communist would suggest that pro-Russian or pro-Chinese Communist publications be included in a book list designed to sell America. And yet Senator McCarthy's Committee discovered that 30,000 of the 2,000,000 volumes in these libraries had been authored by Communist or pro-Communist writers. Books by Earl Browder, William Z. Foster, Howard Fast, Mrs. Paul Robeson, James S. Allen, Gene Weltfish, Herbert Aptheker, Morris U. Schappes, Corliss Lamont and numerous other Sovietolators had been bought by the USIS for these exhibit libraries of Americanism.

The entrance of the McCarthy Committee into the library situation was the signal for a frantic attempt at window-dressing by the USIS. During the succeeding four months, no less than ten directives on book purchases were issued by the State Department, each com-

pounding the existing confusion. Finally, on July 9, a permanent policy was enunciated which met some of the McCarthy objections.

Before this happened, however, the American Library Association, primarily through the politicking of Luther H. Evans, former Librarian of Congress and New Deal careerist, kicked up a terrific rum-pus, charging that McCarthy, in trying to exclude Communist books from USIS libraries, was engaging in "book burning" and thought suppression. It was an asinine demonstration to come from the nation's top librarians, but for a time it seemed likely to snowball when President Eisenhower, in a speech at Dartmouth College, made an impromptu attack on "book burning." The Left Wingers were deliriously happy: this is the beginning of the break between Ike and McCarthy, they exulted.

But their rejoicing was short-lived. President Eisenhower made a public statement declaring that he had not been referring to McCarthy in his "book burner" sentence. The Senator, as usual, came out of the library controversy with added stature.

ANOTHER 1953 McCarthy task which showed the Senator in a constructive light was his investigation of the violations of the China embargo (technically a licensing system) by our supposed allies. A task force of the committee, headed by

Robert F. Kennedy, made a searching study of the present Western trade with Red China. It discovered that since December, 1951, there had been a sharp increase in this malodorous commerce. It found that of the 162 Western-flag vessels involved in the China trade, as of April 20, 1953, 100 were British. They were being protected in China waters by the British Navy.

When the committee looked into this subject, it was appalled to discover that the State Department, despite the Battle Act barring United States assistance to nations shipping war materials to our enemies, was not clear in its mind concerning actual American policy. At a hearing on May 4, 1953, John M. Leddy, Acting Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, told Senator McCarthy, under questioning, that "we are not now seeking at this time the discontinuance of all trade and all shipping to Red China." Such a shocking admission stirred the Senator to a determination to do something about it.

An opportunity presented itself in the case of the Greek-owned vessels. These tramp ships, operating under different flags (63 of them under the British flag), were carrying 35% of the illicit China trade. The directing headquarters of this Greek vessel trade is in New York. Members of the committee staff contacted the Greek owners and secured their pledge to withdraw all their ships from the China

trade, for the duration of the Korea state of war. This meant the removal from China commerce of 327 vessels, with a total tonnage of 3½ million tons. The Greek owners pointed out to the committee that no American official had ever previously asked them to remove their vessels from this Communist trade.

Such imaginative action by McCarthy in this and similar situations has contributed to his growing Washington legend.

His surprise probe of the security system at the General Printing Office found the Senator back in his original quest for Communists in the government. Because confidential official documents pass through the GPO for printing, it is an exposed leak point in our security set-up. Unfortunately, information reached the committee that the GPO security system was dangerously lax.

Moving energetically into the GPO situation, the committee examined S. Preston Hipsley, GPO director of personnel. The Hipsley testimony was eye-opening. When asked if it was the policy of the GPO loyalty board not to discharge an employee merely for membership in the Communist Party, Hipsley replied, "That is true." He went on to explain that this policy had been laid down for the respective loyalty boards by Seth W. Richardson, Federal Loyalty Board chairman under the Truman-Acheson regime. Speaking of Richardson, Hipsley

told the Senator, "He was our guide."

The prize exhibit in the GPO probe was Edward Rothschild, who was found working in the assembly room up to the date of the investigation, with access to top secret documents. Rothschild had been identified to the FBI by 40 separate witnesses as a Communist Party member. He had been under investigation by the GPO loyalty board for more than three years but, although all the FBI data was available to them, the board members had done nothing. A quick result of the McCarthy hearings was the discharge of Rothschild, and the replacement of the lax loyalty board.

In August, 1953, after considerable previous research, Senator McCarthy turned his scrutiny upon one of the most potentially dangerous Communist trouble spots in the United States — the laboratories of the Army Signal Corps, particularly Fort Monmouth in Eatontown, New Jersey. In these laboratories, Army and civilian scientists are working on one of the most hush-hush projects in the defense establishment — the development of radar protection against possible air raids.

WHAT centered attention on Fort Monmouth was the fact that Julius Rosenberg, executed Communist atom spy, and Joel Barr, his associate, had worked at Fort

Monmouth during the war, and had reputedly set up a Communist cell there. The FBI and Army Intelligence had kept the personnel at Fort Monmouth under close observation, to determine whether any part of the cell was still in existence. McCarthy had little expectation that his inquiries would turn up an actual Red spy at this late date. What he hoped to accomplish in Fort Monmouth was to determine how the pattern of Communist infiltration had developed in the radar laboratories, to spotlight the potential danger points in the personnel, and, importantly, to discover whether there was any laxity in Army administration of security protection.

A total of 194 witnesses were heard by the committee, 35 of them in public sessions. No Rosenbergs were discovered, but several extremely dubious staff members were brought to light. The frightening fact about the inquiry was that in the public hearings 20 witnesses connected with the radar program invoked the Fifth Amendment when questioned about Communist and, in some cases, espionage activities.

The most disquieting discovery of the inquiry was the presence in Fort Monmouth, in a high administrative position, of Aaron H. Coleman, schoolmate and friend of Julius Rosenberg, who had been inducted by Rosenberg, according to testimony given, into the Young Communist League. Records showed that Coleman had also been listed by

Morton Sobell, convicted Rosenberg spy ring member, as an employment reference. As late as January, 1952, Coleman had been the \$9,600-a-year Chief of the Systems Section at the Evans Signal Laboratory at Fort Monmouth.

What disturbed McCarthy was the fact that as long ago as September, 1946, Army investigators had found 48 classified documents in Coleman's home, which he had removed from the laboratory. So lax was the security system that Coleman, after a ten-day suspension, was restored to his job and later promoted. Again in 1951, the FBI had sent a lengthy and urgent report on Coleman to Fort Monmouth only to have it ignored.

The Fort Monmouth inquiry is still in progress, with many open ends. So far, the findings convincingly justify the stress which the Senator has placed upon the project.

McCarthy's questioning mind has led him increasingly into the subject of the Army. Like most Americans, he has been concerned over the multiplying signs that a deadly dangerous condition of dry rot has attacked some of the branches of the military establishment. The recurrent scandals in Army procurement and construction show that, while most of the officer corps is sound, the Army has its black sheep and its plain incompetents.

McCarthy found himself drawn into Army investigation by the indications of unsuspected Communist

infiltration at control points. One aspect of the Army which drew his concern was the indoctrination material which was being put in the hands of officers and noncoms. Incredible as it may seem, there were distinct evidences that Communist and pro-Soviet writers had succeeded in winning acceptance as authors or contributors to these indoctrination booklets. What disturbed McCarthy was the fact that high officers of the Army, charged with supervision over this program, were so ill-informed about Communism that they were unaware of what was happening.

Inquiry revealed that the Army was using Sir Bernard Pares' *A History of Russia* as a basic indoctrination course textbook. Sir Bernard was identified by Louis F. Budenz, ex-Communist leader, as a secret member of the British Communist Party.

THE appalling thing about the Committee investigation was its revelation of the abysmal ignorance of General Richard C. Partridge, then head of the Army's G-2, and in charge of the indoctrination work. Questioned by Roy M. Cohn about his knowledge of elementary Communist terms, General Partridge flunked every question. When pinned down, he admitted he had read only two books on Russia, but could not recall the author of one of them. And yet a man so ill-informed was at a choke point where he passed

upon all the indoctrinational work of the Army.

His Army inquiries eventually brought Senator McCarthy into sharp and dramatic conflict with Secretary of the Army Stevens. McCarthy, in his years as investigator, had learned that in dealing with top bureaucrats, both Army and civilian, only a vigorous and aggressive questioning will elicit the facts. Stevens, reflecting the controlling clique at the Pentagon, objected to McCarthy's driving questioning of Brigadier General Ralph W. Zwicker, commander of Camp Kilmer, in the case of the alleged cover-up of Major Irving Peress.

Records available as early as April, 1953, showed that Peress was a member of the Communist Party, and had taken a false oath in declaring that he was not, in obtaining his commission. And yet in November, 1953, with this evidence in the files, the Army gave Peress a promotion. When subpoenaed by the McCarthy Committee, Peress confirmed the supposition of his Communism by pleading the Fifth Amendment. Shortly thereafter he asked for a discharge—a step which would have given him an escape from any further Army discipline. Suspecting that Peress might try this trick, the Senator wrote to the Pentagon asking that Peress be held in the Army pending the preparation of court martial charges. To McCarthy's consternation, he learned that on February 2, the day following the receipt

of his letter at the Pentagon, General Zwicker at Camp Kilmer had signed honorable discharge papers for Peress.

OUTRAGED at this exhibition of Army softness, McCarthy called Zwicker before the committee. It was immediately apparent that the General intended to give the committee little if any cooperation. Under the Senator's questioning, the General put on a disgraceful exhibition of evasion and double-talk. He revealed that he had signed the honorable discharge papers under instructions from the Pentagon. But the name of the Pentagon dunderhead who had thus deliberately covered up for a proven Communist was stubbornly refused.

Secretary of the Army Stevens here made an incredible blunder. Instead of ordering Zwicker to give the withheld information to the committee, Stevens intervened to back up Zwicker. He worsened the situation by forbidding other officers to appear before McCarthy for questioning. Overnight, Stevens became the hero of all the Left Wing national press. For a time it seemed that an ugly head-on encounter between Stevens and McCarthy was imminent.

But the Secretary, recognizing the shakiness of his position, hastily retreated from his stand just on the eve of a personal appearance before the committee, and he issued an order that officers should honor Mc-

Carthy's subpoena. Throughout the whole incident, President Eisenhower was under extreme pressure from the McCarthy-haters in his immediate entourage to leap into the controversy and rebuke McCarthy. The President allowed seven days to pass after Stevens' capitulation before he talked. Then, at his press conference, he read an 800 word prepared statement which fell so far short of the denunciation of McCarthy which had been expected that it stunned the whole tribe of smearers. It did not mention McCarthy by name.

This whole Stevens incident was probably McCarthy's greatest Washington victory. It established the fact of his formidable personal power, based upon a prodigious national following, beyond cavil or denial.

Other inquiries have come under the restless supervision of McCarthy during his first year of chairmanship. These have included (1) a full-dress study of the personnel filing system of the State Department with a view to correcting the loyalty record confusion which the Senator had encountered during the secretaryship of Acheson; (2) an investigation of the part played by Harry D. White and V. Frank Coe in the transfer to Soviet Russia of U. S. occupation currency plates in the period immediately following the war; (3) a study of the horrifying facts in regard to Communist atrocities against American soldiers in the Korean War; (4) an inquiry looking

toward the betterment of the auditing system covering grants to the states, particularly in connection with the Social Security program; (5) a study of the stockpiling of strategic materials; (6) an investigation of the presence of a Hiss defense contributor in the CIA.

ANY ATTEMPT, such as we have made, to profile a public figure in the full morning of his career must suffer from the flaw of evanescence. While we are still assessing his past, McCarthy is likely to be galloping away on new quests and new Kleiglitched conflicts.

Like him or not, it is generally acknowledged that Joe McCarthy is the most controversial figure that American politics has thrown up since FDR. His ill-wishers have watched him with key-hole intentness to catch him in a slip, but he has brilliantly baffled them. His admirers are a growing and dedicated company.

Within the Republican Party, McCarthy's position is strategic. After Eisenhower, he looms as the only Republican who commands a great following among the Democrats. The most startling fact brought out in the January Gallup Poll was that McCarthy is approved by almost a majority of the sampled Democrats. McCarthy has continuously exasperated the Eisenhower leaders (the President's brother, Arthur, on July 24 of last year indicated how the family probably ac-

tually feels about him), but the President and his counselors know that it would be suicidal to affront the Senator's vast following.

All newspaper chatter about a clash between the President and McCarthy may be dismissed as idle surmise. The great conservative core of the Republican Party — leaderless since the death of Senator Taft — would be an uncertain quantity in such a contest.

McCarthy is where he is today because he satisfies the deep national hunger for an affirmative man. In a Washington of vacillating, irresolute, pressure-group-cowed politicians, he stands out in sharp relief as a man sure of himself. His unshaken self-confidence is shown by the opponents whom he has tackled: they have been Marshall, Acheson, Tydings, Conant — men in the full tide of their authority. And he has never lost a major Washington fight.

McCarthy, although he has made mistakes, has never made the ineffable mistake of wearying the people. He sometimes gets too far out in front of public opinion, but so far public opinion has always followed him. Even when he irritates, he amuses. Even when he is repetitious, he repeats in a different style.

Because he takes the long shot chances that other men avoid, he cannot help but endear himself to an American public which cherishes

sportsmanship. Because he is a fighter who continuously faces and enjoys the fire of the whole Liberal-Left, he appeals to the unfailing American instinct for the underdog.

His enemies desperately scan the political horizon for an issue that will stop him, but the probability is that he has climbed too high now to be headed. His current clashes with the Pentagon are a serious hazard. The higher Army incompetents are an entrenched and vengeful company. But in Communism, McCarthy has an issue of such tremendous voltage that it will be difficult for his baiters to focus national attention on anything else during the years just ahead.

As Russia and Red China advance nightmarishly toward the maximum power goals which they will reach in the Nineteen Seventies, the American people will be as unlikely to think seriously of anything else, as to ignore an onrushing comet. Communism will be *the* issue of the Fifties and the Sixties. Those American leaders who most surely interpret the emotions of the American public in the face of the Communist challenge will be the men who will dominate American politics.

Today, Senator McCarthy is the articulate voice of the American people in a Communist-haunted age. On this issue, he marches with history. He cannot lose.



The Island

BY JOY M. COLLINS

ONCE when the world and she were young, the Island fell in love with the Sun and thought to become his bride. At dawn, when pearl-grey clouds were suddenly touched with fire, she cast the cloak of darkness on the waters of her western shore and donned a gown of morning mist bejeweled with dewdrops set in a filigree of gossamer.

The great Lord of her choice came slowly from beyond the horizon. Fair was his countenance and beautiful to the beholding Island. He stretched forth a hand and touched her as one might touch the shining head of a child, but his own head he held high in the clouds and his thoughts were perhaps with the silver Moon. The Island seemed to tremble and the dewdrop jewels of her gown threw fleeting moments of light into the world.

The young clouds reflected her blushes and all day long the sea walked gently beside her.

When she had grown older, the North Wind came to woo the Island, but she covered herself in the stillness of snow and refused to hear his voice.

When the West Wind came to her, she loved him a little for his laughter and his carefree, merry ways. He was restless and gay, but he never returned to her shores without some rare gift. From the mainland he brought to her the perfume of a pine forest, the notes of a church bell and the fragrance of all things green, gathered when lowing kine moved homeward through lush grass at eventide. But there came a time when her caves seemed ever to echo his voice and the Island thought longingly of quiet.



One morning when a ladybird sat enthralled before all the beauty of the skies reflected in a dewdrop, the West Wind heedlessly destroyed this tiny sunrise and the Island cast him from her heart forever.

Small waves made smiling lines upon the face of the Sea on that day.

It is said that the East Wind has no heart, but there came to the Island the South Wind, and him she most dearly loved of the other three. His voice was low and he lulled her to sleep with sweet music played upon the Aeolian harp of her trees. He was a troubadour who sang to her of a thousand lands he had known and the one love only he would ever know. His voice was a whisper when he said it was for her.

The Island never knew why she rejected him. Unless it was that his ways were too sad when summer days were made to dry the tears of the world and he, sometimes, brought rain.

WHEN the South Wind had gone, the Sea spoke to the Island. "Marry me," he cried. "I have walked beside you from the beginning. My love for you has been beyond the shining of the Sun and my sorrow at your sorrow beyond the sad sighing of the South Wind. The West Wind brought you gifts from the land, but I shall bring you stranger gifts. Shells of a delicacy of which you have not dreamed and many-colored stones ground to the smoothness of ivory upon the spinning grindstone of the earth. I shall bring to you the white ermine of waves that you may be dressed like a queen and the stars I shall cast at your feet. The very moon shall I draw from the skies and bring, on calm waters, to your side.

Thus spoke the Sea to the Island on the evening before she became his bride and forevermore he holds her in his arms, against the loneliness of night and the bitter crying of gulls.



The sea! The sea! The open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with clouds; it marks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

— Bryan W. Procter (1787-1874)
The Sea



Bobo Newsom's Got a New Job



BY RAY KELLY

NO BUREAU of vital statistics has been found which can state with authority the age of Bobo Newsom, the baseball flinger who is about to heft a new job across the Oriole threshold in Baltimore.

In 1953, the Athletics were preparing a brochure on the team, of which Bobo was a part. Various records showed that Bobo was born in 1906 or 1907; others said 1908; Bobo said 1909. They asked Jimmie Dykes what to put down. "Just make him a Civil War veteran," said Dykes.

No matter what his age, for many years Bobo has talked longer and louder, over a greater geographical area, than any other athlete in history. He has traveled first-class, been paid first-class when he was winning fewer games than the top performers. His personality was always there to cushion the man when he couldn't find the plate.

So there is an answer to his confidence that he'll be a season winner in his new job — a position of gab before the television cameras. He

will conduct interviews before and after Oriole games in the Baltimore dugout, be in charge of what amounts to a Kibitzer's Knothole, and he'll have kids around, sometimes throwing the questions. Never has Bobo had his throwing arm rubbed to keep it in shape, and up to now his talking equipment has shown no sign whatever of wear, so he really won't need the kids. But he is a man who does get lonesome and there are psychologists around the various ballparks in both leagues who will sign depositions that Bobo, for all his height and girth, his morning stubble and his middle age shuffle, is still a kid himself.

Bobo never made a dime except as a ballplayer. Now he rounds out his twilight talking baseball. And the TV viewers stand assured of one certainty, that whoever is on the program with Bobo, there will always be one celebrity, Bobo.

No one will be around who can say to him, "Now, in my day . . ." because there are only three who can par him for years; one to top

him. Bobo remembers when Satchel Page started and Cornelius McGillicuddy, the very grand old gentleman known as Connie Mack, remembers when Bobo started.

At this year's Philadelphia Sports-writer's 50th Anniversary Banquet in the Broadwood Hotel, Connie Mack came in, a man of 91, tall and erect, white of hair but smiling. He talked of Bobo, the man who in form or in slump was a Connie Mack favorite, a man who always was paid well by Connie Mack.

And there was a good reason. Even when going bad, the fans came out to Shibe Park to see Bobo. The little book that Mr. Mack carried showed that the bigger crowds were on hand when Bobo pitched.

No one calls Connie Mack anything but Mr. Mack. Bobo calls him Bo, and Mr. Mack calls Bobo, Buck.

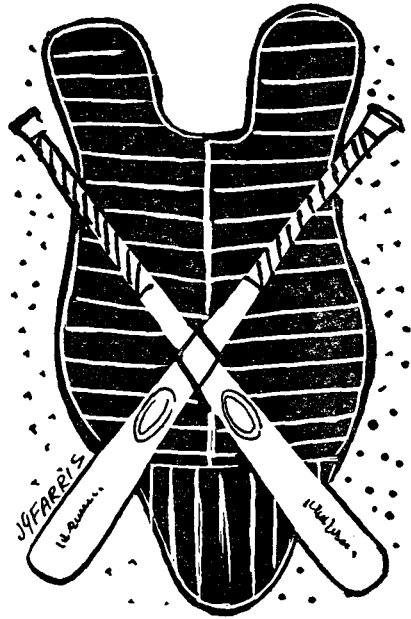
Bobo is no master rhetorician, but he can paint a pretty good picture with a few words.

The big fellow was pitching in the American League. His team was in a tight spot and his manager told him to throw a certain ball.

Bobo was in a pixie mood at the time; tight spot or not. He made a decision. He decided to try a fancy ball of his own. He did. The batter whopped it for a homer.

Later, the manager said to Bobo; "What'd you throw?"

Said Bobo, never a man to dodge an issue, "I tried something but it



didn't work."

The manager, a little less purple than Queen Elizabeth's robe, shouted: "You're dumb, Bobo! Just plain dumb."

Bobo reflected only a moment, rejoined: "I make \$30,000. You make \$15,000. So you must be twice as dumb."

The big fellow walked away and, as it turned out, kept walking—right out of that job, but into another, of course.

To some, leaving a big-league berth would be at least related by marriage to tragedy. To Bobo it was changing socks. He has traveled longer and farther, walked to more showers, been in more clubhouses

than any other baseballer. He played ball twenty years and his contract changed hands faster than the weather. He was with the Washington Senators five times, the St. Louis Browns thrice, the A's twice, the Dodgers twice.

Suppose he had a difficult time with Clark Griffith of the Senators and was loose for the moment. Connie Mack would hear of it. He would get himself a coach to act as bodyguard. Connie would say, "I hear Bobo is coming this way, and if he sees me I am afraid he will talk me into a job. I can't resist the man."

On at least one occasion, Mr. Mack was steeled to a meeting with Bobo, was going to say no. But when Bobo came in and said, "Hello, Bo," and shook Mr. Mack's hand, Connie Mack just grinned and gave up his own chair to Bobo, and Mack sat on whatever was handy and they talked. And a little later, Bobo was pitching for the A's.

BOBO is an individualist, too. There was the time when the A's used to train at Frederick, Maryland. Now, Frederick is not nearly as far south as Florida, where the A's now train. Nor as far south as Hartsville, South Carolina, where Bobo played as a kid and where he lived. So Bobo just trained himself in Hartsville, sending in whopping expense accounts for his food and his various other training expenses, including a pallet under an expensive roof. When the time came for exhi-

bitions to start, Bobo got himself a taxicab in Hartsville, pointed north, said, "Take me to Frederick, Maryland," and settled back.

On that trip, and many others, he was well geared for travel. He had two baskets loaded with his favorite fodder, roast beef sandwiches and barbecued pork. He ate all the way to Frederick, arrived, introduced his cab driver to Connie Mack. After the introductions, Mr. Mack paid the cab bill.

One time, during some dickering, Mr. Mack described Bobo as "just a boy at heart." Said Bobo by telegraph, "Maybe so, Bobo's a boy, but this boy wants a grown-up man's wages."

There's a lot of moxie in Bobo. The story of the 1940 World Series points this up rather well. He was with Detroit. He pitched the Tigers to a 7-2 win over Cincinnati. The next morning, he was shocked to learn that his father was dying. His father had traveled north to see Bobo pitch in the World Series. He saw him, the second time in his whole life that he'd seen Bobo out there on the mound.

Bobo got to his father's bedside before he died, tried to talk him into beating the Man with the Scythe, told him to hang on to see him again — he'd go out and win another for his father.

But his father died.

His stepmother and sisters started back to Hartsville with his father's body. Bobo, in tears for the first

time in his life perhaps, remained behind. "He'd want me to win," he said, "so I will."

He pitched another World Series game and won it.

That day, he didn't even look like Bobo Newsom. He plainly was grieved at his father's death. He didn't seem to have any life. But he won a three-hit shutout.

"I wanted to win this one the most of all," he said after the game, "for my dad."

That game tied the Series. In the final game, Bobo was in there. He had a 1-0 edge in the seventh inning. Two doubles, a pass, a long fly — and he was a loser.

Afterwards, he said, "I sure wanted to win that one."

Somebody said, "For your Dad?"

"Nope," he said, "for Bobo."

THIS MAN who had won 21, lost 5 in 1940 was known as the portly fireballer. He was described by writers of the times as fat and complacent.

Next year, he lost 20, won 12, but got around \$34,000 for the season. The next year, the Tigers offered him \$12,500. Bobo trumpeted like a bull elephant. "The greatest cut in baseball," he roared. "But you lost 20 games," said Manager Jack Zeller.

Bobo observed that the manager had lost 90 players for Detroit when Judge Landis declared 100 ballplayers free agents. "Hell," he said, "you lost them players and

you took no cut!"

His persiflage got him a ticket to Washington. And, later, Washington traded him to the Dodgers. Bobo promptly sent a wire to Manager Leo Durocher, saying: "Congratulations on buying pennant insurance."

So if it's self-confidence they need in TV, Bobo's got it.

He's got the color, too. They say that he designed and wore the original sports shirts which later were copied and sent to President Harry S. Truman in Key West, Florida.

Baseball writers remember him for his \$150 suits when \$150 was \$150. They themselves brag that he has never had a sore arm, good days or bad. He's had busted legs and broken thumbs and has been knocked cold — still on his feet — by a batted ball. The book says the ball "bounced 400 yards from Bobo's head." His only reaction that time was to shake his head. He stayed in and won the game, saying later that he didn't remember one whole inning after being hit. An X-ray afterwards showed that his jaw was broken.

Baltimore will find Bobo a precious friend before he's there long. The headwaiters will hover over him; the chefs will love him. Above all else, he is Baseball's Greatest Trencherman.

Bobo sho' nuf thinks he's got more color than a rainbow. And if they give him half a chance, he'll prove it.

An Anti-Communist's

GUIDE TO ACTION



BY J. B. MATTHEWS

ANYONE who has ever made a speech against Communism has been asked by someone in the audience, "What can I, as an individual American citizen, do to help in the fight against the Red traitors?"

There is no simple or concise answer to that question. Much depends upon the position, the circumstances, and the resources of the person who asks the question.

The first part of an adequate answer would be to list a large number of "don'ts." It is just as important to know what *not* to do as it is to know what to do.

In the exceptional case where an individual does not know *anything* to do in the fight against Communism, it would be far better to do *nothing*.

To do the wrong thing is worse than doing nothing. The anti-Communist movement has enough handicaps as it is, and ought not to be burdened with the misguided activities of crackpots.

Let us, therefore, suggest some of the "don'ts" for effective anti-Communists.

I. Don't fall for the fallacy that the best and only way to combat Communism is to cure our own social ills.

This is sometimes called the constructive approach. It is a favorite with the Americans for Democratic Action. Its end result is do-nothingism.

Communism, like homicide, must be met with direct action.

It's all very well to strive for better education and for more equitable social arrangements; but any progress that we are likely to make in these directions in any foreseeable future does not promise to eliminate homicide and Communism.

2. Don't swallow the absurdity that hunger and privation are the primary reasons why individuals or countries "go Communist."

We have plenty of well-fed and highly educated individual Communists. It is, in fact, a most interesting and instructive phenomenon that we have more Communists in those states with the largest per capita wealth and the largest per capita expenditure for education than we have in the states with the smallest per capita wealth and the smallest per capita expenditure for education.

3. Don't let outfits like the American Civil Liberties Union fool you into thinking that Communists ought to be tolerated in a free society because their suppression would be a greater evil.

Communists are interested in civil rights and civil liberties only to the end that they may protect their conspiracy to destroy all rights and liberties.

The major activity of the American Civil Liberties Union for a whole generation has been the protection of the Communist conspiracy.

4. Don't permit the use of your

name for any organization, project, campaign or petition unless you know who is back of it and what are its true objectives.

With the activity of the Communist-front movement stepped up and nicely camouflaged with announced objectives which appear worthy, opportunities for being a trapped dupe are now multiplied.

Anti-Communists, too, may be dupes.

A very serious question of personal and social responsibility arises when an individual permits himself to be duped, again and again and again, by the Communist manipulators of the Communist-front apparatus. At what point should a dupe surrender his alibi, stand up like a man, and assume full responsibility for his support of the Communist conspiracy?

In July, 1953, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam appeared before the Velde Committee and made heated claims that he is an anti-Communist. Two months later, the Communist Party of Australia staged a gathering called the Australian Convention on Peace and War. In the Australian Parliament, the Rt. Hon. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister, denounced the gathering as a Communist Party enterprise. On the opening morning of the convention, greetings from Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam were read to the assembled delegates.

When does a dupe become a collaborator?

5. Don't believe for a second that

the Soviet Union and the United States can live side by side in permanent peace.

The Soviet Union is dedicated irrevocably to global conquest. The masters of the Kremlin and its worldwide conspiracy are playing for keeps.

Diplomacy based upon the live-and-let-live view of international Communism has betrayed America time and time again since the fateful day when Franklin D. Roosevelt recognized the Soviet Union.

6. Don't swallow the story that the dismissal of Communist teachers is an abridgement of academic freedom.

A Communist as a teacher presents an incongruity as striking as a thief in the position of a bank teller.

Only pro-Communists or ignorant fools, no matter how highly educated, will defend the employment of Communists as teachers.

7. Don't embrace the fallacy that Social Democracy (or socialism) is a bulwark against Communism.

In recent years, many Socialists have been calling themselves the "third force" or the "vital center." By whatever name it goes, Socialism is a first cousin or, to change the figure, a prelude to Communism.

The historic mission of Socialism is to bankrupt a country's economy, to disintegrate its national morale, and to render it defenseless against Communist aggression.

Most of the anti-anti-Communists in the world today are Socialists of one brand or another; and the anti-

anti-Communists have set the stage for many of the Kremlin's conquests.

The Norman Thomas brand of Socialism is one of the most pernicious because of its appeal to an ignorant sentimentality.

Norman Thomas Socialists by the thousand flocked to the New Deal, and became a major force in the twenty shameful years of treason.

8. Don't be taken in by the myth that young people may take on Communism as a kind of lark and later put it off without detriment to their future careers.

There is a superficial view that Communism is a youth movement. Among both Communists and fellow travelers, there are many octogenarians. Hundreds of the most notorious Communist collaborationists are retired clergymen and professors *emeriti*.

9. Don't be misled by the oft-repeated statement that the Communist menace is negligible because the Communist contingent is small.

Much is heard nowadays about the "minute fraction" of this or that profession which has embraced Communism or aided and abetted the Communist apparatus for treason.

A "minute fraction" of cyanide in a glass of water is not to be ignored.

A little homicide in any profession does not disgrace the profession as a whole; but it does call for prompt and drastic action.

Those who talk about "minute

percentages" of Communists anywhere are usually bent upon getting themselves or others off the hook.

10. Don't vote for any candidate for public office who has not made his position against Communists, pro-Communists, and anti-anti-Communists crystal clear.

Whether they be Democrats or Republicans, you cannot afford to support candidates who are not aggressively on record as opposed to the Communist conspiracy which threatens our very existence.

The sum and substance of all these "don'ts" for anti-Communists is simply this: Do some straight thinking on the paramount issue of this generation; and don't be an anti-Communist crackpot.

TURNING to the other side of the question, let us consider some of the things which almost any citizen can do.

1. Promote anti-Communist books. During recent years, a large volume of anti-Communist literature has been turned out.

Buy these books. Read them. Promote them among your friends, your clubs, your newspapers, your bookstores, your libraries. Talk about them.

Information is an essential weapon in the arsenal of the anti-Communist. Without it, he is sure to flounder.

A small group of undergraduate students at Yale has started an anti-Communist library of its own. This is a novel idea and one to be recom-

mended highly for students in other colleges and universities.

Push the best anti-Communist books with your local public library. See to it that they are placed on the library shelves.

It would be an achievement little short of miraculous for any anti-Communist to get all of the following fifty books on the shelves of his local public library:

Animal Farm, George Orwell, Harcourt Brace
Anthem, Ayn Rand, Caxton Printers
Asia Aflame: Communism in the East, Van Der Vlugt, Devin-Adair
Brain-Washing in Red China, Edward Hunter, Vanguard
Century of Conflict, A, Stefan T. Possony, Regnery
China Story, The, Freda Utey, Regnery
Claims of Sociology, The, A. H. Hobbs, Stackpole
Communism and Christ, Charles Lowry, Morehouse-Gorham
Communist Trail in America, The, Jacob Spolansky, Macmillan
Communism Versus the Negro, William A. Nolan, Regnery
Communist War on Religion, Gary MacEoin, Devin-Adair
Crime Without Punishment, Guenther Reinhardt, Hermitage
Cry Is Peace, The, Louis Francis Budenz, Regnery
Enemy Within, The, deJaegher and Kuhn, Doubleday
From Major Jordan's Diaries, Racey Jordan, Harcourt Brace
God and Man at Yale, William F. Buckley, Jr., Regnery
Great Idea, The, Henry Hazlitt, Appleton, Century, Crofts

- I Believed*, Douglas Hyde, Putnam
I Chose Freedom, Victor Kravchenko, Scribners
I Led Three Lives, Herbert Philbrick, McGraw-Hill
Iron Curtain, Igor Gouzenko, Dutton
Lattimore Story, The, John T. Flynn, Devin-Adair
Leap to Freedom, Oksana Kasenkina, Lippincott
McCarthy and His Enemies, Buckley and Bozell, Regnery
McCarthyism: The Fight for America, Joe McCarthy, Devin-Adair
Men Without Faces, Louis Francis Budenz, Harper Brothers
Negro and the Communist Party, The, Wilson Record, University of North Carolina Press
One Who Survived, Alexander Barmine, Putnam
Our Secret Allies, Eugene Lyons, Little, Brown
Out of Bondage, Elizabeth Bentley, Devin-Adair
People's Pottage, The, Garet Garrett, Caxton Printers
Prejudice and the Press, Frank Hughes, Devin-Adair
Rape of Poland, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, McGraw-Hill
Red Masquerade, Angela Calomiris, Lippincott
Red Plot Against America, Robert Stripling and Bob Considine, Drexel Hill, Pa.
Road Ahead, The, John T. Flynn, Devin-Adair
Secret War for the A-Bomb, The, Medford Evans, Regnery
Seeds of Treason, de Toledano and Lasky, Funk and Wagnalls
Shanghai Conspiracy, Charles S. Willoughby, Dutton
Soviet Slave Empire, The, A. K. Herling, Wilfred Funk
Spies, Duples and Diplomats, Ralph de Toledano, Little, Brown
Stalin and German Communism, Ruth Fischer, Harvard Press
Traitors, The, Alan Moorehead, Scribners
Twenty-Year Revolution, The, Chesly Manly, Regnery
Web of Subversion, The, James Burnham, John Day
When the Gods Are Silent, Mikhail Soloviev, McKay
While You Slept, John T. Flynn, Devin-Adair
Whole of Their Lives, The, Benjamin Gitlow, Scribners
Witness, Whittaker Chambers, Random House
Yalta Betrayal, The, Felix Wittmer, Caxton Printers

The books which have been listed here cover every aspect of the vast and complicated subject of the international Communist conspiracy. They have been written by the best experts on the subject.

Three of the latest to be published — hot off the press, as it were — are Manly's *The Twenty-Year Revolution*, Burnham's *The Web of Subversion*, and Buckley's *McCarthy and His Enemies*. These three books will be at the top of the best-seller lists for weeks to come if the anti-Communists are as alert as they ought to be. They have been written by three men whose competence as writers matches their inexhaustible knowledge of the facts about Communism.

2. Get the best speakers. The United States is unique as a land of the public forum and the lecture platform.

For years, this important field of education has been dominated to a large extent by left-wingers, pro-Communists, and anti-anti-Communists. Anti-Communists can, if they will, change all this in a single season.

See to it that your club, your local forum, your schools, and any other institution in your community bring the best anti-Communist lecturers to your town or city.

This country is now blessed with scores of nationally prominent men and women who are more than fully equipped to compete with the best that the Communists and anti-anti-Communists have to offer in the lecture field.

At the risk of appearing to slight many of the best, let us name a few of the highly effective anti-Communist lecturers.

Have any of the following appeared in your community? If not, why not? Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, Irene Corbally Kuhn, Benjamin Gitlow, Louis Francis Budenz, Whitaker Chambers, James Burnham, Alice Widener, William F. Buckley, Jr., John T. Flynn, Felix Wittmer, Ralph de Toledano, Frank Hughes, Victor Lasky, Eugene Lyons, Herbert Philbrick, Vincent Hartnett, Alfred Kohlberg, Howard Rushmore, Oliver Carlson, and James W. Fifield, Jr.

No auditorium in your town or

city is too large for a meeting to hear any one of these distinguished speakers.

3. Push the AMERICAN MERCURY MAGAZINE. In a short period of time, this publication, under its publisher, Russell Maguire, and its editor, John A. Clements, has become the most talked about in the country.

The AMERICAN MERCURY is not by any means an exclusively anti-Communist magazine; but it is without a rival in its regular presentation of factual and authoritative articles on the subject of Communism. It is an indispensable tool for alert anti-Communists.

In recent issues of the AMERICAN MERCURY, the following nationally prominent foes of Communism have appeared as authors of articles on the subject: William F. Buckley, Jr., Martin Berkeley, Ralph de Toledano, Vincent Hartnett, Alfred Kohlberg, John T. Flynn, Chesly Manly, Howard Rushmore, Freda Utley, Harold Lord Varney, and Donald R. Wilson (former National Commander of the American Legion).

Subscribe to the AMERICAN MERCURY; give the AMERICAN MERCURY as a gift; talk the AMERICAN MERCURY.

As long as there is a magazine like the AMERICAN MERCURY, there is no alibi for not knowing the facts about Communism. Is it in the reading room of your library?

4. Support Joe McCarthy. For four years, the Communists and

their hysterical allies, the anti-anti-Communists, have waged a smear campaign against Joe McCarthy which is without a parallel in American political history.

The anti-McCarthy campaign has been carried on without moral scruples. It has been mendacious, vituperative, and hysterical. In the matter of character assassination, it has reached the lowest depths.

In the face of this intensively and extensively organized effort to smear McCarthy, the Senator from Wisconsin has survived every engagement. His name has become a symbol of the fight for America.

Do you know the facts about McCarthy? Are you able to answer the lying attacks upon him? Read *McCarthyism: The Fight for America*, by the Senator himself, and *McCarthy and His Enemies*, by W. F. Buckley, Jr. and Brent Bozell.

You need not go unarmed when you meet a member of the anti-McCarthy smear-bund.

5. Get the Congressional reports. No other country in the world has produced an anti-Communist literature comparable with that of the various Congressional committees which have investigated the Communist conspiracy.

From Martin Dies to Harold Velde, Joe McCarthy, Pat McCarran, and William Jenner, the American public has received an education on Communism which makes it the best informed in the world.

Special attention is directed to

the Jenner report on "Inter-locking Subversion in Government Departments" (July, 1953). This single report is the condensed story of twenty years of Communist treason in government. Is it in your library?

Support your Congressional committees when they serve you faithfully in the exposure of the Communist conspiracy.

6. Support anti-Communist legislation. The Communists and the anti-anti-Communists have campaigned hysterically in opposition to all effective anti-Communist legislation.

The repeal of the Smith Act (the Alien Registration Act of 1940) and the repeal of the Internal Security Act of 1950 (known as the McCarran Act) have been high on the list of Communist objectives. In a vicious campaign against these effectively anti-Communist laws, the Communists have been joined by such notorious anti-anti-Communists as the New York *Post* (James Wechsler, editor), the American Civil Liberties Union, and Norman Thomas.

Martin Dies has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives which would impose punishment of \$10,000 in fines and ten years in prison for anyone convicted of belonging to the Communist Party or a similarly treasonable organization.

Get a copy of the Dies bill. Support its enactment into law.

7. Sign the manifesto of the Committee for One Million, 36 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

This committee is collecting signatures, having set one million as its goal, for a manifesto opposing the admission of Communist China to the United Nations.

There should be ten million signatures. Have you seen a copy of this manifesto in your community?

8. Encourage ex-Communists. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover has called attention to the extraordinary and invaluable service which former members of the Communist conspiracy have rendered their country, and made a forthright appeal for the help of other ex-Communists in an article, *Breaking the Communist Spell*, which was reprinted in the AMERICAN MERCURY, March, 1954.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding their patriotic service, anti-Communist bigots have joined the Communists' smear campaign against people like Louis Francis Budenz, Elizabeth Bentley, and Whittaker Chambers.

Chambers, Bentley, and Budenz deserve well of the American people. They have subjected themselves to mental torture, which only they can know, in their desire to wipe out the Communist threat to civilization.

9. Join an anti-Communist organization. Every anti-Communist needs the support of like-minded citizens.

A few years ago, under the leadership of Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, the Joint Committee Against Communism in New York was formed by the more or less loose federation of civic, fraternal, veterans, and patriotic organizations which are definitely and aggressively anti-Communist. The Joint Committee might well serve as a model for every community in America. It has many achievements to its credit.

10. Guard against Communist infiltration. The Communists work night and day to infiltrate every segment of American life. In many cases, they have been successful to a remarkable degree.

Without trying to become an amateur detective, you can be on guard against Communist infiltration in your schools, your radio and television, your civic clubs, your churches, and your newspapers.

Finally, you never need to ask a speaker, "What can I do, as an individual American citizen, to combat the Communist conspiracy?" Opportunities lie all about you.

The AMERICAN MERCURY will be glad to supply its readers with information as to where the books listed in the above article may be obtained. Reprints of the article, *Breaking the Communist Spell*, by J. Edgar Hoover are available directly from the AMERICAN MERCURY.

CONNEMARA



By GUY PRIEST

FOR the visitor to Ireland, the west will always hold enchantment. And Connemara is the key to the golden west. It lies in the heart of County Galway, to the south of Clew Bay, and entering it by car on a summer morning without a map is to set out into the unknown — a paradise of color and silence which has somehow remained unspoiled and uncommercialized in an age when distances have become meaningless and solitude as legendary as the gold-paved streets of London. Even with that trustworthy guide, the Ordnance Survey map, and a reliable automobile at your service, you feel a thrill of anticipation as you leave the broad highway and follow the narrow winding road into the grey and purple mountains.

This is "Joyce's Country," a wild and lonely land with the voice of the waters everywhere. Truly a dreamed-of, faraway land, and the names of its rivers and mountains are as remote from common speech as is the language of its cabin folk: Barnaheskabauaia, Keeraunnageeragh, Loughaunemlagheask. Unpronounceable? Untranslatable? Not

quite. For the first is the "Gap of the Yellow Waters"; the second, the "Sheeps' Combs" (a mountain near Lough Corrib); and the third, within sight of the Twelve Pins, the "Lake of the Water Spirit." Lovely names all, and there is music in their sounding on the lips of a Galway crofter.

A mere two hundred miles from Dublin, these rugged hills and watered valleys are as remote from the neon lights of O'Connell Street as if they were on another planet. The face of this land is old; literally as old as the hills. And, except where man has here and there scratched the surface and labored to till the stony soil, it has changed but little throughout the years.

Above Westport, away on my right hand, reared the massive shape of Croagh Patrick, with a white path to its summit, made by devout pilgrims who climb there each summer on Garland Sunday.

As I drove on in my open sports car along the dusty road, guided by walls of grey stone, I felt that somehow the internal combustion engine had no place in this country. The

pilgrims to Croagh Patrick make the 2,500-foot ascent barefoot. That was a sobering thought. In London or New York it would seem like a tale from the Middle Ages. Yet in this stark, unconquered land there seemed nothing very extraordinary about it. Life here was rugged and unyielding as the rocks. But if it was in some respects primitive, there was in that verity of its harshness something of nobleness, also, that shone in the eyes of its people.

These straight, dark, raw-boned men; these women, aged with toil before thirty, were servants only of the land. They were of and from the land, and they endured.

IN A CABIN by the wayside near a mountain called the Devil's Mother I shared a meal with a crofter and his family — home-baked bread and butter freshly churned and tea. By city standards these folk were poor. But they owed no man; and they knew the sun from its uprising beyond the mountains to its setting in the Atlantic. The fashions of the cities affected them little; their clothes were homespun; coarse and hard-wearing. The man wore a bawneen jacket of undyed wool; his wife a heavy skirt over a red petticoat, stout boots and thick black worsted stockings. Her hands were brown and wrinkled, coarsened by labor. But her eyes were clear as a mountain pool.

While we smoked our pipes by the hearth, where a turf fire burns night and day the year round, I watched one of his daughters deftly spinning nearby.

The wheel spun on and the bobbin whistled on its spindle. The dog by the hearth stirred in its sleep. A couple of hens ran in through the open doorway and were "shooed" out again by the whisk of a besom.

When presently I rose to leave, my host rose also . . . and took my hand. "God be with you," he said with complete sincerity; and I could think of nothing by way of reply. My thanks and a pipeful of tobacco seemed very inadequate for such hospitality, but he would accept nothing else.

The blue sky was like a lake over the mountains as we stepped out into the sunlight from beneath the low, thatched eave. There stood my car — the twentieth century. But this place was ageless. And when I pulled over and looked back from a bend in the road, the cabin by the water was a part of the landscape, and the silence was immense as cloudshadows moving over the mountains. Ahead are Glendollagh and Ballinrobe and then one is back in the present, and the present reclaims us. But pause a moment longer. There, towards the Atlantic, rise the dark peaks of the mountains. There remains the land of ever-changing colors — changeless Connemara.



Cats Is Fellas

BY JAMES P. CARROLL

I KNOW now why women love cats and men hate them. I used to hate cats myself. To me they were all slimy, sneaky females. Cats were unreliable, disloyal and anti-social.

But now I don't feel that way. I figured out why cats are the way they are. My hatred changed to admiration.

You see, cats aren't feminine. They are red-blooded, rip-roaring chunks of 100 per cent masculinity. That's why every man-chasing woman, from Cleopatra to Aunt Sophia, has been nuts about them. Cats are no more feminine than a cheekful of "eatin' terbacker." They're as manly as a mustache cup.

➤ *While the editors of the AMERICAN MERCURY thoroughly disagree with the author, we are printing this in self-defense. We "caught it" on a previous piece on the slinky little monsters, so we thought this might get us off the hook.*

Now all of this didn't come to me in a dream. The idea was sort of scratched into my brain by an animated hunk of yellow fur which my wife paroled in our house.

We got the cat because we had mice, and smart ones, too. They scorned traps and were such a nuisance that my wife insisted we employ some hungry kitty. To make sure I didn't forget, she arched her back and hissed every time she uncovered a mouse nest in the linen closet.

When the cat arrived, I thought maybe I could overcome the inborn repulsion I felt toward it. It wasn't quite full-grown and it had an ingratiating way of playing hide-and-seek in a paper bag. As much as I hated to admit it, I thought Kitty and I might become fast friends.

I was wrong. I expected that as Kitty reached maturity it would assume its proper family function. I thought Kitty would like to catch

mice. Kitty thought differently.

To my embarrassment Kitty was willing to catch luckless robins and the neighbors' goldfish, but never a mouse. The mouse population in our linen closet was increasing.

I brought all this to my wife's attention. But she was unimpressed. "Our Kitty is too clean to even consider catching those filthy mice," she said.

Kitty and I didn't cross claws again until I took a look at the meat bill — exactly eleven dollars and eighty-three cents in one month for "calves' liver."

When I asked my wife about it she informed me that Kitty would eat nothing but liver. I suggested that if Kitty got hungry enough, Kitty would eat anything. For this, I got a how-could-you-be-so-cruel look from the Mrs. and a dirty-sounding meow from Kitty.

FROM then on I stopped trying to like Kitty. War was declared. My wife and my cat were out to win control of my house.

With Wifey on Kitty's side, the outcome of the battle was really decided before it was begun. If Kitty wanted to sleep on my side of the bed, and Kitty always did, that's where it slept.

When Kitty sought to coax me from slumber at daybreak by sharpening its claws on my feet, my wife wouldn't let me defend myself. If I moved at all, she said I was trying to kick the cat.

Every day our household war got hotter. My hatred for Kitty grew with every victory Kitty won. It scratched up the furniture. It filled the air with a fine mist of floating cat hair.

I tried to figure out why my wife was so crazy about Kitty. She never gave a hoot about dogs or canaries. She even hated the neighbors' big, old tom-cat. She used to look at that cat, sunning itself on the porch, and say, "Just like a man!"

Just like a man? That's it! That's why Wifey was cat-happy. Kitty's arrogance and independence were what Wifey wanted in a man. Kitty was a super-male.

My hatred faded and admiration took its place. I had lost our little war because my opponent was more manly than I was.

And now all cats seem masculine to me. They're as bold as a Viking rover and as individual as Grandpa's shaving mug. Men hate 'em because they're too sophisticated to sit up and beg for a bone. Women love 'em because they patiently allow themselves to be babied — a trick many a man has used to advantage.

Cats are smart, too. Maybe they're smarter than men. I know the Kitty I faced and fought was smarter than I. Never did I get to ignore the mice or scratch the furniture.

But Kitty could get away with it. Kitty could get away with anything.

I've often wondered if I couldn't get away with something.

If I were only cat enough to try!

Who's Behind The Teacher Shortage?

By FRANCES P. BARTLETT

THE LATEST FIGURES from the U.S. Office of Education indicated that we would be minus a necessary 72,000 teachers when the schools opened last September. The press and radio gave wide coverage to the storm signals sent up by the National Educational Association and the U.S. Office of Education. An increasing population and a dwindling teaching staff, say the educational hierarchy, calls for drastic action.

There really is nothing new in this situation, however. These alarms have been sounded so regularly and with such force that people are beginning to ask embarrassing questions. Why is there a teacher shortage when there are more young people attending colleges and universities today than ever before in history? Why are so few choosing to enter the teaching profession and so many leaving it?

What is the all-powerful NEA doing about it? Organized for politics as well as education, this or-

ganization, more than a half million strong, like an octopus reaching out in all directions, embraces some thirty different departments and almost as many different committees, commissions and councils covering every segment of public education. They dictate the policy. They sound the alarms. Simultaneously they "cry wolf."

Granting that teachers have been underpaid and are deserving of higher salaries, teachers are not guided by monetary considerations alone. The money-minded educational racketeers, however, who spend more time agitating than teaching, have used the wage scale as their principal lever to raise salaries for all teachers, good and poor alike, and now find it necessary to introduce new deterrents to the teaching profession in order to perpetuate their claims. Teachers are over-worked, they say, generally unappreciated, frequently restricted in their social behavior and constantly under attack by the "self-

appointed saviors of the American scene."

Thus this propaganda fed the teachers, and the public generally, provides about as much lure to new recruits in the teaching profession as a wild cat on the end of a trout line.

Can it be that educators have not taken into account the psychological impact of this type of propaganda upon the teachers already in the profession, and upon the students whom they hope to attract?

Little wonder that there is a teacher shortage. Has not the propaganda backfired? The NEA is not alone, however, in its guilt of projecting upon the teachers the criticisms generally aimed at school administrators and policymakers.

Supporting the NEA, both in its educational policy and its propaganda, are certain teacher-training institutions and departments of education. Dr. Harold R. Benjamin, formerly dean of the University of Maryland's department of education and presently at George Peabody College for Teachers, spearheaded the drive on "enemies of the public schools" when he made his famous speech, "Report on the Enemy," at the 1950 NEA convention in St. Louis. Inspired by his sympathy for his good friend, Willard E. Goslin, then superintendent of the Pasadena schools, who had only the month before been repudiated by the citizens of Pasadena by a better than two-to-one vote against

a tax increase to further his program, Dr. Benjamin excoriated the citizens of Pasadena.

AT THE time Dr. Benjamin made his flame-throwing speech, he was chairman of the National Commission for the Defense of Democracy Through Education, sometimes referred to as the NEA's "gestapo" or "goon squad." A few excerpts from this bitter denunciation of the parents who support the schools and whose children attend them seem pertinent. In the speech, reprinted and circulated by the 1951 NEA convention in San Francisco, Dr. Benjamin's sinister warning began thus:

"In warfare, the main job of a reconnaissance troop is to get information of the enemy, to tell who he is, to discover where he is, to learn as much about his weapons and his tactics as possible, to find out where he is weak and where he is strong, and to pass that information quickly and accurately to the fighting outfit the troop represents—the combat team—which in turn passes it on to the division, the corps, and the army.

"Your Defense Commission is a kind of educational reconnaissance troop, and it has a combat-intelligence report to give you tonight.

"It is the estimate of the Commission that a general attack on public education in the United States is now being organized. The enemy is trying our line with a number of

local, probing raids, attempting to find out where we are weak or strong, testing his methods of attack, recruiting and training his forces, building up his stockpiles, filling his war chest, and organizing his propaganda units.

"He has already initiated skirmishes in various places throughout the country. . . .

"In at least one part of the country, the Los Angeles-Pasadena-Glen-dale area in California, he has apparently started an all-out campaign which he is supporting with every weapon in his arsenal."

Dr. Benjamin then concluded with this statement: "The enemy in this campaign that seems to be impending is stronger than he looks. If we get our combat team together, however, get the information it needs for its decisions swiftly and accurately before it, even a stronger enemy than this one would make hardly a ripple in the smoothness of our advance."

What an inspiration that must have been to the thousands of teachers who listened to it and the thousands who have since read it! Smear tactics unfortunately work within as well as without the ranks. To the conservative superintendent or teacher it was as much of an intimidation as to parents and citizens. The "combat-intelligence corps" has its finger on the pulse of every community. Conservative superintendents and teachers have known what it was to have the axe fall, but the

Defense Commission did not come, either to their defense or rescue.

IN THIS vigorous drive on "the enemy" of public education, Dr. Benjamin has exhibited his contempt for politicians as well. According to the *Nashville Tennessean* (March 15, 1953), Dr. Benjamin made a speech, a few weeks previous, in Washington, D. C. when he "trained his sights on the Tennessee legislative committee investigating school textbooks." He is quoted as saying in this regard: "Keep your sloppy hands off these matters." A similar remark is quoted in *National Republic* (March, 1953) in which it says, "Dr. Harold R. Benjamin . . . who was cited in a House Committee on Un-American Activities document, has called investigators 'two-bit politicians' who are trying to undermine the nation's educational system. He made this smear attack when he spoke before the American Council on Education. His remarks were endorsed by Gordon K. Chalmers, president of Kenyon College, and Robert L. Stearns, president of the University of Colorado. Dr. Benjamin has served as chairman of the National Education Association's National Commission for the Defense of Democracy Through Education from 1947 to 1950, during which time he has consistently attacked those who have dared expose subversives and slanted textbooks in our educational system."

Associated with Dr. Benjamin, in this unholy alliance of educators who are keeping up the continuous battle for control of education, are Willard E. Goslin, who preceded Dr. Benjamin to Peabody College, and Dr. William Van Til, a more recent acquisition from the University of Illinois. All are in the forefront of the progressive education movement, or what they now prefer to call "modern education."

No one, including prospective recruits to the educational profession, is to be allowed to forget the heroes who are waging a mighty war to preserve our "democracy." "Forces Affecting American Education" (1953 Yearbook of the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development of the NEA) reviews and comments on the recent controversies in education with the usual slant. While condemning individuals and local groups of citizens, falsely accusing them of a national conspiracy, much of the book is in praise of NEA's strongest ally, the National Citizens' Commission for the Public Schools, which is itself organizing local groups throughout the country.

It is not surprising to find "The Writing Committee" of this symposium to be: Harold Benjamin, Willard E. Goslin, William Van Til; Robert A. Skaife, field secretary of NEA's National Commission for Defense of Democracy Through Education; and Charles S. Johnson, president of Fisk University.

Training teachers is their business. What, then, will be the attitude of the teachers trained under these and similar educators? And how many students, repelled by their tactics, will avoid education as a career?

COOPERATING with the NEA's Defense Commission in publicizing and distributing reprints of smear attacks on the "enemies of the public schools" are the American Association of School Administrators, the National Council for the Social Studies, and the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development, all part and parcel of the NEA. Supporting the NEA's educational policies and propaganda campaigns are also the American Council on Education, the American Education Fellowship (formerly the Progressive Education Association), the Community Relations Service (a connection of the American Jewish Committee), the American Jewish Committee, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

Serving the cause with equal ardor is the Public Education Association (PEA) of New York City . . . "a non-partisan group of public-spirited citizens mobilized for the sole purpose of improving New York City's schools and colleges." Mrs. Samuel A. Lewisohn, chairman of the Board, is also a member of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, headed by Roy

Larsen of *Time* and *Life* magazines.

The PEA bulletin of May, 1951 (No. 473) attacked the critics of "modern education" with the usual patently false statements about "coalitions" and "fronts" being organized by "misguided zealots and patriots" to undermine the public schools.

This same bulletin carried the announcement of PEA's public service broadcast of May 8th on "The Fight for Free Schools." Participating on the panel was Roy Larsen of the National Citizens Commission, with Quentin Reynolds as moderator.

Thus far the writer has found no instance of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools being in disagreement with either PEA or NEA policy. On the contrary, it was stated at a meeting of the Los Angeles Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, a unit of the National Citizens Commission, that the National Commission "was organized to fight attacks now being waged on the schools."

Sharing the network of education intrigue is New York University's department of education, headed by Dean Ernest O. Melby. The Freedom pamphlet, "American Education Under Fire," authored by Dean Melby and edited by Frank N. Trager, National Program Director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, was published and circulated by the League. Thus with the cooperation of the NEA, this treatise received double billing.

Sponsoring the project was NEA's Defense Commission and the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development, the American Education Fellowship and the John Dewey Society. Needless to say this pamphlet follows the usual pattern in its design "to meet unfair attacks by cheaters of children."

Working with Dean Melby in preparing "American Education Under Fire," was Mary Beauchamp, educational assistant to Willard E. Goslin in Pasadena. The dismissal of Miss Beauchamp from the Pasadena schools in 1950 preceded that of Mr. Goslin by four or five months. Miss Beauchamp then went directly to New York University where it is said she has been devoting part time to instructing teachers in the technique of handling parents who object to the public schools being made the channel for propaganda promoting social and economic changes not in the best interest of our schools or our country.

THE Defense Commission, at the 1951 NEA convention, distributed among its many reprints and pamphlets "The Pasadena Story," a 39-page booklet in defense of Mr. Goslin. This purported "objective" appraisal of the Pasadena situation did not include one single interview with persons charged with the removal of Mr. Goslin. Rather, it was a predetermined smear attack directed at the citizens of Pasadena who were fed up with under-handed

methods and left-wing consultants, imported for teacher indoctrination into more advanced methods of progressive education.

Also included in the free handouts at this convention were reprints of two articles by Carey McWilliams, an inveterate joiner of Communist fronts. "The Enemy in Pasadena" was published in the *Christian Century*, January, 1951, and "Knights in Shining Buicks" appeared the same month in the *Nation*. Mr. McWilliams' record is carried in full in the Eighth Report of the California Senate Investigating Committee on Education, which shows him to have been affiliated with more than fifty Communist fronts and many other subversive movements.

ANOTHER pamphlet widely distributed by the NEA at subsequent conventions and meetings is "Danger! They're After Our Schools." This rehash of former smear attacks on communities throughout the country, is directed to a "motley assortment of bedfellows: — confirmed subversives who want to destroy free public education . . . selfish, unthinking citizens who don't care what they do to the schools as long as they keep their taxes down . . . disgruntled teachers who have not kept abreast of the latest educational methods and attempt to justify their own shortcomings . . . unreasonable parents who try to blame all of their children's shortcomings

on the schools and . . . racketeers who capitalize on the nation's legitimate concern over the education of our children and milk unsuspecting citizens for their own gain."

Another bold attack on the propaganda front was made at the University of California at Los Angeles when, at the entrance to the reference department of the library, a large bulletin board carried the display of "The Pasadena Story" and many similar articles under the title, in large, block letters, "The Threat to the Schools." For the benefit of students, faculty and visitors, this reading material was on display for one month.

Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell, librarian at UCLA, who admitted before the California Senate Investigating Committee on Education that he had once been a registered Communist, disclaimed any knowledge of the bulletin board. He was asked by the Chairman of the Committee: "Do you think it possible that such a prominent display and such a heading would deter the students from continuing in a course to become teachers?" (Tenth Report, California Senate Investigating Committee on Education.)

Dr. Alexander Stoddard, superintendent of the Los Angeles schools who lost the UNESCO fight, is quoted in "Forces Affecting American Education" as saying: ". . . 'a revulsion' had sprung up against the super-patriotic groups leading the attacks on the UNESCO teaching

materials." Does it not follow logically then that the "revulsion against super-patriotic groups" must be attributed to the super-liberals or the leftists? Patriotism and nationalism are the well-known thorns in the flesh of those intent upon bringing about the "democracy" of a new social and economic order with almost a burning hate for those who stand in their way.

Undoubtedly many patriotic and conscientious young men and women shy away from careers as teachers when they find their philosophy incompatible with some of the things they are now being required to teach.

THE educators, continuing to drive the wedge deeper and deeper between schools and teachers on the one hand, and the citizens to whom the schools rightfully belong on the other, do not create a situation conducive to recruiting the highest type men and women to fill the empty classrooms. Parents, moreover, after being laid low with some of the epithets hurled at them, are not likely to encourage their offspring to hazard their future in a profession fabricated of bitter bickerings.

According to recent studies, the educational hierarchy to the contrary, professional status is said to be the most important consideration to teachers, thus relegating salary to second place. But how are

teachers to experience professional or social status when, at their official gatherings, there is placed in their hands a tract, gracefully and attractively designed to suggest framing, which reads:

FREE MEN CANNOT BE
TAUGHT PROPERLY BY
SLAVES. COURAGEOUS CITI-
ZENS CANNOT BE WELL
EDUCATED BY SCARED
HIRED MEN.

*Harold Benjamin — Defense Com-
mission, National Education Ass'n.*

This blurb would hardly send students scurrying to sign up for courses in education, nor would it inspire teachers to greater proficiency.

Neither does casting reflections upon teachers or citizens make for good public relations. Status in any profession presupposes mutual respect upon which confidence and support are built.

It is quite apparent that teachers as well as the schools have been sold short by the demagogues in high places. Students are becoming disillusioned about a profession which once stood apart on its own pedestal.

When educationists become educators with sound, scholarly attainments and an American point of view, and teachers are permitted to teach rather than required to experiment in social, political and international affairs, it is believed that more students will be attracted to education as a profession.



"No wonder we couldn't open the door, Maw, the pigs is asleep agin it!"



STATE FLOWER

What's Wrong with **ARKANSAS?**

By EUGENE NEWSOM

WHEN the gentleman from Cooch Behar in eastern India smiled slyly as I mentioned that I was from Arkansas, I knew it was time to take stock. What *is* this legend, this symbol of the American frontier, that seems to be so necessary to so many people?

It was shortly after World War II and I was putting down a series of gin gimlets in Firpo's in Calcutta. The gentleman from Cooch Behar and I were talking about how nice it would be to get home again. And he mentioned in his blurred English that he had heard of Arkansas from the GI's and had read some interesting accounts of the land of yokelry.

"Remarkable place," he mused happily. "I was reading sometime of this place Arkansas: no schools, no roads, nothing whatever but watermelons. The people live on a diet of watermelons which are, if I remember, the largest in the world. Tell me, is it true that your watermelons grow so fast that they drag fences across the countryside?"

It is safe to say, I believe, that Arkansas has been the butt of more

jokes running from raillery to ridicule than any other political entity in the country. The 158,000,000 other Americans who derive a psychological bloom from the fact that they don't live in this godforsaken community should take a second look.

The myth, of course, involves the watermelons, the unshaven Arkie, the moonshiner, slow trains, malnutrition and mental debility, hookworms, hogs, the big fat lie, shoelessness, illiteracy, poverty, Hot Springs diamonds, hermits and other individualists, windy politicians and hillbillies and paddlefeet who cannot seem to pronounce correctly the name of their native state.

The truth is much, much duller.

With the possible exception of Hot Springs diamonds, any of these reprehensible items can be discovered in any other Southern state in about the same quantity if not the same quality as in Arkansas.

The name itself intrigues a good many foreigners who cannot overlook what seems to be an obvious analogy between Arkansas and Kan-

sas. "Arkansaw" may not be good phonetic French but it is at least reasonably close to the name of the post-Columbian Indian nation that occupied the area, a name that eighteenth century explorer Bernard de la Harpe translated into "Arkansas." How Kansas got its name I have no idea.

ARKANSAS is a South Central state of some 53,000 square miles including 400 square miles of fresh and often fishy waters. Historically, she is of the Confederacy, a fact which any literate, native Democrat is quick to point out; and the eastern half of the state shows a lot of Southern accent in architecture and in idiom. The western or hilly part is more like Oklahoma, without Indians.

At the present, Arkansas agriculture is led in value by cotton, rice, corn, and livestock to the tune of about \$450,000,000 a year. Mineral production — with oil accounting for almost three-fourths of it — delivers upwards of \$105,000,000 income. Arkansas produces about 90 per cent of the bauxite mined in this country. And there are around 3,500 manufacturing establishments, if you count all the sawmills.

Statistics like these are most heart-warming to the Arkansawyer, but have practically no effect on anybody else.

The brutal truth is, Arkansawyers are poor folks. They just don't realize it. Median income here is running

around \$920 a year as compared with Mississippi's \$758 and Illinois' \$2,335. And "Po' folks have po' ways."

But stubborn Arkansawyers are their own worst enemies. They defend the homeland in one breath and in the next tell a huge and palpable lie about it and expect the hearer to accept both ends of the argument, never dreaming that exaggeration to make a point is a peculiarity of style not appreciated outside the pioneer sphere of influence.

Arkansawyers can no more resist telling whoppers than they can help being happy at a hog-killing.

One recent visitor was a magazine writer who had in mind a piece to end all pieces about Arkansas. He avowed that he would accept nothing but facts, cold and nailable facts. On a previous junket to this remote area, he said, he had unwittingly fallen into the hands of some power company promoters who swished him through an aluminum plant, past a couple of hydro-electric dams, and dinned into him a bushel of Chamber of Commerce data about the industrial boom burgeoning in this desert of broomsedge and cockleburrs.

This sort of thing, said the researcher, was not at all what he wanted. He wanted the facts, the people's views, what Uncle Zeke and Aunt Maudie said and did and stood for. He wanted to delve into the wider sociological questions and probe the experts at the crossroads.

The local yarn spinners ganged up on him and commenced the brainwashing and the dialectics, and pretty soon he began to fill his little notebook with as exotic an assortment of whackers as you could find short of Munchausen.

They told him how the land was so rough up toward Fayetteville that farmers have to plant corn with shot-guns. And when his reaction to this was satisfactory they threw in the one about the paired pigs: hills are so steep the pigs have to work in pairs; one scotches and the other roots.

They stuffed him into a state of creative bloat with fables involving the gowrow, the hickelsnoopus, the ring-tailed tooter and its cousin, the hoo-hoo. They showed him the handsome monument at Gurdon, Arkansas, memorializing the hoo-hoo. And they didn't leave out the darby-hicks, fish-hounds and moogies, jim-plicutes and snawfusses.

He probably talked to both Uncle Zeke and Aunt Maudie several times, but it was not sociology they talked about. He went back to Chicago sick and confused and, as far as I know, never wrote a line about the place.

THE SUBJECT is both complex and controversial and it is both fact and symbol. The symbol has greater currency and perhaps is Arkansas' single greatest asset, commercially and esthetically.

Generally, when an Arkansawyer

thinks of Arkansas he thinks of home and hot biscuits, good neighbors, a quiet lake full of crappie and bass and slim blue catfish; he thinks of long cypress reaches down some of the most fascinating rivers in the world, or of crumpled hills sleeping in the haze of a summer afternoon. He thinks of trees and tall grass and ducks and deer and bullfrogs roaring; of a spot where a man can usually make a small living away from the stinks of the cities.

On the other hand, he who prefers the stereotype can discover considerable poverty and illiteracy here, moonshining within the limits of good taste, some shoelessness, a comprehensive network of secondary roads and a slowly improving system of arterial highways. But no razor-backs or hookworms.

Culturally, Arkansas is a vacuum. In this as well as in some other aspects it is to the nation something like what Australia is to the British Empire. If Britain keeps Australia merely to have a possession in the sunlight while the rest of the empire is in the dark, then the United States keeps Arkansas to avoid having a hole in the ground.

Currently, local business interests are whooping it up in a frenetic effort to bring in more industries, on the theory that industrial activity cures practically all ills. "Balancing agriculture with industry," it is tagged, and it's a trend common throughout the South. Some of its evangelists speak in round and roll-

ing phrases of a "Decade of Destiny" and similar pomposities indicating a laudable desire for more payrolls and higher power consumption.

ALL THIS is admirable and praiseworthy, no doubt, but it may go wide of the salient fact that Arkansas is a tailor-made vacation land.

This naturally and still lovely state is even now doing some \$150,000,000 worth of tourist business a year, but that is hardly a good beginning.

Outside of many of the frowsy and frumpy little towns the landscapes are not yet cluttered with belching stacks, and the land is mostly as the good Lord left it. From the Poteau to the St. Francis, from Bull Shoals to the L'Anguille to Lake Chicot the fish still swim. There are plenty of squirrels, turkey, quail, deer, and other engaging varmints.

If a family from Detroit's teeming technocracy wants to sit in the cool hallway of a saddle-bag house or push a spinning wheel or listen to the raincrow make his forecasts, or simply relax and smell fresh air for a change, I am sure they would be made welcome.

But people who drift through Arkansas aiming to have their opinions re-riveted must be sent away happy and fulfilled. I say, breed up a race of razorbacks, as the Texans are doing with their longhorns; fire the old caplock muzzle-loader at

the neighbors once a week. Give the inquiring stranger directions to Possum Trot or Goose Ankle, and give him a sample of Uncle Rafe's last run of corn squeezings.

Advertise!

If Arkansas is ever going to amount to anything, she's got to advertise the very characteristics she's been shushing for a hundred years.

Sometime back the story goes that someone asked Hollywood's Nunnally Johnson if he had known any Tobacco Road characters in the Southern mountain area that he hailed from. Johnson is alleged to have said that where he hailed from the Jeeter Lesters were the country club set.

This is close to the right pitch.

One of the things we've got to watch down here is the type of ill-advised attitude the town of Fort Smith displayed recently. A party of tourists asked to see the splendid and historic old gallows on which the late Judge Isaac Parker sped 88 felons to death, six at a clip. The local poohbahs claimed that this landmark of functional carpentry had long since been dismantled and wouldn't the municipal water works be more interesting?

What Arkansas needs to do is not look, dress, talk and think like and be indistinguishable from the other states. She needs to uncurl her little finger from the teacup and proclaim her known and recognized orneriness to the whole wide world.



HAIL, SAILOR, AND FAREWELL

By
RIDGELY CUMMINGS



THE MEMORY of most men is, I suppose, a good bit like a river, deep but muddy, carrying buried bits of thought tumbling along out of sight until some chance cataclysm jars them to the surface.

Thus, one morning, I was absorbing the day's news with my breakfast coffee when idly I flipped the page and was hit between the eyes by the death of Eugene O'Neill.

Eugene O'Neill. The name took me back twenty years to depression days when I was excavating an education from the reading rooms of the Seamen's Church Institute on New York's waterfront.

O'Neill's works were prominently displayed in that South Street book-lined refuge from the bread lines, especially *Anna Christie*, *The Hairy Ape* and the group of one-act sea plays: *Long Voy-*



age Home, *Moon Over the Caribbees* and *Bound East For Cardiff*. I read them all, not with any conscious idea of improving my literary background, for this was before O'Neill won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1936, but for sheer enjoyment and as a recreation from the serious problems of that period.

O'Neill in those depression days was a romantic figure to South Street denizens. Unemployment had driven many newspapermen and would-be writers to the sea as a means for staying alive. The union movement among seamen was in its infancy, the dues were low and the doors were open, with organizers begging all to enter; so there were no industrial barriers to handicap a wanderer's chance of grabbing a ship. But for this very reason the competi-



tion for jobs was intense, and the reading room of the Institute was often full of threadbare book-worms, glad to lose themselves in adventurous pages to numb the pangs of hunger.

The South Street habitués (I hate to call them bums for I was one of them) felt about O'Neill much as the sailors and stevedores along San Francisco's Embarcadero felt about Jack London. They took a possessive pride in his accomplishments, for it had not been so many years previously that O'Neill had been another drunk on the same waterfront himself, sleeping on the floor of the saloon he was to immortalize in *Anna Christie* and sweeping off the filthy sidewalk in return for an eyep opener.

THE parallel between the harum-scarum days of O'Neill and those of Jack London is not well known. The playwright did a better job of digesting his experiences and generalizing from them than did the novelist. London was always and forever writing his autobiography, while O'Neill kept his own personal life off-stage. Yet I met men then who had been shipmates with O'Neill on a Limey cattle boat, and others who knew him as a beachcomber in Buenos Aires. They talked with satisfaction of their memories of his ability to hold his liquor, just as other West Coast acquaintances used to boast to me about Jack London's prowess.

My own South Street days coincided with the period of the playwright's greatest, though perhaps not his best, productivity.

O'Neill's later plays brought him three Pulitzer Prizes, but the works I always liked best were the early ones, the dramas based upon his life at sea. Of all his 65 years, perhaps O'Neill was happiest during those early days at the Provincetown Playhouse, when he was writing those beautiful, powerful studies of simple men and women afloat on a complex element, the changing and changeless sea. Either then or even earlier, before he discovered he was a writer, when he roamed the world, prospected for gold in Central America, worked as a reporter on small-town papers, and sailed the lonely oceans, trying to drink the bars dry each first night ashore.

Who knows the answer, whether living to the full and absorbing rich experience or distilling it into the form of permanent art is more satisfactory? But I like to think of O'Neill, as he reviews his life before going to whatever place we all go, as lingering an extra moment on South Street in all its sordidness and smiling to himself in retrospect at the image of the lean, restless youth he once was.

We are richer for this man who came up off the waterfront to bring his dreams to life on a thousand stages and the printed pages of the world. Hail, sailor, and farewell. May your sleep be sweet.

the Soviets

SECOND FRONT

By JOHN T. FLYNN

SOMEONE has said that many great wars have been lost because the leaders fought the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time. That is what we are doing here. And that is why we are losing the only war in which we are involved that is worth winning.

As a matter of fact, there is no effectively organized force in the United States even remotely interested in fighting the war to which I refer. Certainly the Democratic Party is not, and certainly President Eisenhower is not. He is heavily committed to fighting the Communist menace in Europe and Asia. He has soldiers all over the seven seas for this purpose. But so far as I

know, he has not a single soldier in America armed to fight it with the only weapons that have any meaning.

What is the Communist threat in America today? It has two objectives. One is to support the aims of the Communist world in Europe and Asia. The other is to make the United States into a socialist society. We have at last succeeded in alerting the American people to the Communist spy who inserts himself in some sensitive spot in our government to collect unguarded secrets for Russia and to influence policy in Europe and Asia in favor of Russia. But the Communists have another objective. That is the spread of socialism here in this country. Any

American citizen or organization who promotes socialism here is, whether he knows it or not, promoting the second great aim of Russia in the United States.

There are, of course, differences between socialists. There are socialists who seek to bring socialism into effect gradually, and fondly imagine they can operate it by democratic methods. There are some who want total socialism; others who seek to socialize merely a large sector of the system. There are some who believe it should be done gradually and others who think it can be done more effectively by swift, violent, revolutionary action. But all are agreed on the one great central aim — namely that the all-powerful state must assume total authority over the economic system.

THE Soviet government is a socialist government. Russia's official title is "The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." The bible of all socialists, including the Russians, is the *Communist Manifesto* of Marx and Engels. When it was written, a question arose as to whether it should be called the Socialist Manifesto. But Engels urged that the word "socialism" had gotten associated at that time with such crackpot little Utopias as Brook Farm, and they did not want their movement confused with that. They adopted the word "Communism" for what today we call socialism. C. D. H. Cole, the British socialist

writer, tells us that the only difference between what is called socialism in England and Communism in Russia is a matter not of principle but of tactics. The Communist has two war zones. One includes the promotion of Russia's international objectives. *The other is the promotion of socialism in the United States.*

Once upon a time we had an American Socialist Party, led by Norman Thomas. It called itself a Socialist Party and made an honest appeal to voters for socialism. But the Socialist Party has disappeared. The socialist label has no sales value. Now the socialist cause is carried on by wholly different groups. They promote the socialist revolution in America under a banner labeled "anti-Communist."

We do not fight with any degree of understanding or energy or success these new-style socialist revolutionaries who labor everywhere to introduce socialist institutions here, which is precisely what the Communists wish. To begin this fight is the greatest task before American statesmen and American patriots now — infinitely more important than wasting our substance in a futile struggle to save what still remains on the continent of Europe outside of Communist authority. Now let us see and measure this revolutionary threat in America.

Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas tried to sell socialism to America. They failed because they labeled it socialism. Debs once

polled nearly a million votes and Thomas nearly 900,000. But that was high tide in 1932. In the 1936 election Thomas got only 187,000. That was because other socialist forces under a different and slicker leadership had found a better way. The leader in this movement was Sidney Hillman, head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America — a heavily pro-Communist union. He was joined by David Dubinsky, head of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, which was heavily socialist.

Hillman formed a new party — the American Labor Party. His plan was to create one big stockade in which he could corral a great variety of Communist and socialist votes. With this weapon he could black-jack the Democrats in New York into nominating candidates of his choice. In 1938, this coalition of Communist and socialist votes proved its power. Dewey got 2,302,000 Republican votes; Lehman got 1,971,000 Democratic votes. But Hillman and Dubinsky gave Lehman an additional 409,979 Communist and socialist votes and made him governor. In 1940, Republican Willkie had 171,000 more votes than Roosevelt got from the Democrats. But the Hillman-Dubinsky combination gave Roosevelt 422,518 additional votes — enough to wipe out the Willkie lead and give Roosevelt New York's electoral vote.

By 1944, the socialist group began to resent the domination of Moscow

and split from the American Labor Party to form the Liberal Party. However, they voted alike in the elections. In the 1944 election, these two groups gave Roosevelt 825,235 votes in New York — enough to wipe out Dewey's majority over the Democrats. From this point on, the Democratic Party in New York State has continued as the prisoner of these Communist and socialist armies.

This was true in other states, but the precise size of the Communist and socialist minority cannot be fixed because in states like Connecticut, New Jersey, Illinois, Pennsylvania and others, the left-wing leaders operated inside the Democratic organization. It is a fact of startling significance when we realize that Harry Truman was told by Roosevelt in 1944 that to get the nomination for Vice-President which ultimately made him President, he had to "clear it with Sidney [Hillman]." Indeed, every important decision of the Democratic Convention in 1944 had to be, by Roosevelt's orders, cleared with Sidney. No one can refuse to recognize the great hold this collection of socialist and Communist revolutionists got on American policy.

BUT, even more important, the socialist Liberal Party got from Stuart Chase and George Soule early in the New Deal days a new name for socialism. They called it the Planned Economy. This was a

stroke of salesmanship genius. It thus became possible for professors and journalists to adopt the great cause without the stigma of Marx on the label. After all, what could be more appealing to the practical-minded American than an economic system rationally and wisely planned?

But these men did not mean a planned capitalist system. They meant a planned socialist society. This rational and persuasive brand label made it possible even for some luminous-minded businessmen to take the curse of business off their egos and act like "intellectuals" by embracing a philosophy of society which was "planned." This Liberal Party is now the successor of the Socialist Party of Norman Thomas, but far more radical and aggressive, and impudent, in its respectability.

The next phase of this plan was the organization of a movement to direct and control the party on the model of the Fabian Society, which directed Britain's socialist revolution. In 1947, therefore, the leaders organized the Americans for Democratic Action — the ADA — which is really the socialist Politburo — the planning body of the socialist movement. Its purpose is not merely political. It is revolutionary. Its plan is (1) to introduce socialism one step at a time; (2) to introduce socialist ideas into school textbooks, churches, the press and other media of information; (3) to couple socialist objectives with reform movements; (4) to infiltrate whatever

political party offers the best medium for propagating its ideas; (5) to advocate measures designed to cripple the system of private enterprise, such as heavy income taxes, government invasions of business, handouts of every description, and measures to buy with money or favors large racial, economic or religious groups — but never using the word "socialist."

And how much more effective it would be if the ADA could run its candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket instead of the Socialist ticket. Impossible, you say? By no means. Adlai Stevenson was their candidate. They nominated him for President on the Liberal Party ticket, and he was nominated by the Democrats. Wilson Wyatt, former Housing Administrator, was the first head of ADA. *He* managed Stevenson's campaign for the Presidency. Mr. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. is one of the ADA's most vocal members and apologists. He was Adlai Stevenson's speech writer in the last campaign. Not a bad job of infiltration, I would say. The ADA supplied the Democratic candidate, his speech writer and his campaign manager.

MR. SCHLESINGER is one of the ADA's most outspoken philosophers. American New Dealers, he says, are "gradually advancing out of the jungle of private enterprise." He informs us that Britain has "submitted herself to social democ-

racy and the United States will very likely advance in the same direction through a series of New Deals." He rejoices that "the next depression will inevitably mean a vast expansion in government ownership and control" and, with complete contempt for the political insouciance of business, he sneers that "the private owners will not just submit" to government control or ownership but in characteristic fashion "will demand it." He observes that there is no sign in either nation (Britain or the United States) "that the capitalists are putting up a really determined fight against those who would use the State to restrict their profits and reduce their power — even perhaps take their property away from them."

Why should he not hold them in contempt? Has he not seen a great political party led by anti-socialists and financed by businessmen nominating the choice of the socialist ADA for President? And has he not seen great numbers of businessmen and wealthy families and their rich foundations financing the incredible adventures of his Red and Pink companions — foundations which have been the principal support of the most extreme and daring Communist activities such as, for instance, the Institute of Pacific Relations which helped deliver China to the Reds? ADA is supported not only by the powerful CIO unions but by the two huge and rich left-wing garment workers' unions.

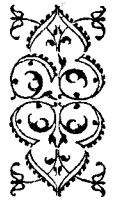
THE POINT of all this, of course, is that here is a group doing infinitely more to lay the foundations for a Communist America than the Communist leaders can do. They promote socialism here. They do not peddle it. They are wholesalers. They have captured one of our great parties and have actually infiltrated the other. They swarm in our colleges and high schools, our publishing houses, our leading journals, our newspapers — even some of the most conservative. They are crowded into radio and television, the movies and the stage. They have captured labor. And they cannot be tagged with the discrediting label of Communism.

They actually call themselves anti-Communist and under this label of anti-Communism they lay the foundation for a Communist America. They include among their supporters such men in high places as Senator Herbert Lehman of New York, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Francis Biddle, a former Attorney General of the United States and their present chairman, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt — plus many, many others.

We will begin to fight American Communism in America when we stop spending billions to fight foolish and losing wars against Communism in Europe and Asia and direct our fire at this army of Creepies in America which builds the foundations on which Communism will later roost.



ROME



By Irene Corbally Kuhn

CHAUCER said it in 1391, but Alain de Lille said it two centuries earlier — “A thousand roads lead men forever to Rome.” The roads are ten times ten thousand today, and they are traveled by pilgrim and profligate, student and sybarite, rich man, poor man, philosopher, and fool. For in Italy today a second Renaissance is in progress, and Rome is its madly beating heart.

On the Via Veneto, in the Palazzo Margherita, named for the Dowager Queen of Italy who lived there for the first quarter of the twentieth century, a precedent-shattering American woman now presides over the affairs of the United States of America in Italy. The Palazzo is the American Embassy, and its reigning queen is the slender blonde Ambassador Clare Booth Luce, whose flower-like beauty and feminine charm disguise her strong intellect and sharp wit.

And near the top of that same Via Veneto — the Via Vittorio Veneto, to give it its full name — a mere wolf’s whistle from the Embassy, is a stretch that is the town’s parade

ground, the place to see and be seen. Romans and foreigners drift about through the pavement cafés in good weather, eyeing the traffic in and out of the luxurious Excelsior Hotel, the haven of movie stars and free-spending tourists. Here and at the Ambassador across the way, at the Flora up the street, and all along this stretch of the Via Veneto, before lunch and again in the evening, you can see one aspect of modern Rome.

It is only one aspect, though, of a city that is ageless for all its 2,700 years. It is a city in which ancient, medieval, and contemporary civilizations blend as smoothly as the water, flour and egg in the *pasta-ciuatta* of Italy, whether the *pasta* be macaroni, spaghetti, or *fettucini* as Alfredo serves it in his popular restaurant which, like Sardi’s in New York, is the meeting place of the theatrical and movie names, and the focal point for the more conventional-minded sightseer.

Seldom will you see the tourist in the Trastevere, the section across the Tiber where live the Roman

Romans, the Lowells and the Cabots of Rome, jealous of their ancestry and heritage, looking down their real Roman noses at all the other, more recent, Romans. In one of the oldest squares there, across from one of Rome's third-century churches, Santa Maria in Trastevere, is a *trattoria* patronized by Italians but visited by an occasional, aware American. A *trattoria*, be it noted, is listed in guide books as a lesser *ristorante*, somewhat down the scale in elegance and variety of menu, and way down in price, from the luxury eating places. But the food, although simply prepared, is still representative of the best Roman cooking. It is impossible to find a bad restaurant in Rome.

Most people who come to Rome are soul-starved as well as stomach-hungry; and for them there is almost too much richness and beauty. Rome can't be gulped down. The city must be savored first, like a glass of *Recciotto*, a wine of Verona, the home town of Romeo and Juliet.

View Rome first, if you can, from the Pincian Hill just before sunset, when the luminous light, all amber and blue, bathes the golden dome of St. Peter's in the distance and embraces all the city sprawled out on both sides of the brown Tiber with its eighteen busy bridges. The Angelus will be pealing from the bells of most of the city's four hundred churches. The dusk will fall gently

on the stone and marble statues and monuments in the city, the arches, the obelisks, the ruins of the Forum and the Colosseum; on Trajan's Column and the Castel Sant' Angelo.

As the echoes die and you descend into the city, the true voice of Rome will come to you from the waters of all the splashing and murmuring fountains. Then, as darkness envelops the Piazza dell'Esedra, the four lovely nude maidens on the fountain's basin spring into shining beauty from the cunning illumination that turns the leaping jets and cascades of water pouring over them into liquid crystals and diamonds.

Esedra is a teeming square, night and day. Mornings, it is the starting point for all the big luxurious motor-coaches of the C.I.T. tours, a deservedly popular enterprise of the new Italy. No better way exists to orient oneself and see the best-known best of this overwhelming city. C.I.T. is pre-eminent for the organization and development of its guided tours, not just of Rome and environs, but of all the historic places, from Genoa in the north to Reggio Calabria in the toe of the boot, and Sicily beyond and off by itself, across the Straits of Messina.

In summer, a tour along the Appian Way provides welcome relief from the heat, in the cool depths of the Catacombs. In winter, when the tourist torrent is a trickle, there is space and time to linger over the art treasures of the Vatican Museum,

the breath-taking splendor of St. Peter's; and to wander along the Corso and the Via Condotti and gape at the best-dressed windows in the world.

There's another window in Rome few see and fewer notice. High up to the right of St. Peter's, as one stands in the great, empty colonnaded square, at midnight, there is one yellow square of light in all that immensity of night-shrouded stone and marble. It is "the Pope's window" in his quiet room. The light glows there every night when Pius XII is in the Vatican and not at his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo.

"Does the Pope always read so late?" I asked the police officer patrolling the square.

"He does not just *read*, Signora," the man said. "He studies."

IN ROME BE SURE TO SEE: The outdoor shrines to the Madonna, erected since the war, and commemorating the liberation of the city in 1944. Most of them are in Rome's ancient Aurelian Wall, at Porta Pinciana and Castro Pretoria . . . the Baths of Caracalla, ancient ruins enclosing the perfect natural amphitheatre where you can hear the summer season of the Rome opera in all its lush magnificence under the stars without fear of rain — nothing but star shine and moonlight and heavenly singing and acting on a mammoth stage against breath-taking scenery and production . . . and in winter, Romans

piling up pyramids of *panettone*, bottles of champagne, boxes of gifts, around the feet of their favorite traffic policemen on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6.

IN ROME YOU'LL FIND: The Spanish Steps, a monumental stairway with its picturesque alternation of ramps and steps descending from the church of Santissima Trinita dei Monti to the Piazza di Spagna, the most beautiful stairs in the world . . . the Keats-Shelley Memorial House hard by where Keats died in 1821 . . . the modern railroad station, built since the war, all colored marble and glass, adjoining a venerable, 2,000-year-old wall. . . . the bijou-like shops with exquisite merchandise at prices within the reach of the modest-budget traveler . . . rosaries and holy medals for sale in tobacco shops, and English-language newspapers and American magazines on sale almost everywhere.

IN ROME YOU'LL REMEMBER: The Fountain of Trevi, most elaborate of all the Roman fountains, where you toss in a coin to assure your return to the Eternal City . . . Michelangelo's ceiling in the Sistine Chapel . . . the Villa Borghese at dusk . . . the cherub-faced children, smiling always and scampering everywhere, Raphael's angels come to life . . . and the rush and surge of lusty life overlaying the pleasant confusion of past and present in the daily pageantry of the streets.

America's



Caviar Frontier

BY BILL LOGAN

A FARMER on the Snake River west of Lewiston, Idaho, baited a steel hook with decayed salmon and got a bite. Minutes later a gray mass cork-screwed into the sun and the farmer yelled, "Hey, Johnny! Fetch the team and wagon!"

The hook was impaled in a 1,500-pound sturgeon, an archon among the world's oldest fish species. This catch, of two decades ago, was landed by snubbing the line around the wagon's rear axle and prodding the horses up the river beach.

But the record North American sturgeon prize was an 1,800-pounder which was all but pried out of British Columbia's Fraser River.

An Indian fishing on the Columbia River two years ago took the biggest sturgeon of late for that watercourse, an 800-pounder which proved to be

82 years old. He worked this fish close in, killed it with an axe and dragged it in by main strength.

Along the lower Snake, tales were once commonplace of fishermen's winching mammoth sturgeon ashore with hastily lashed up A-frames made from convenient saplings.

But such weights are high for today's ordinary catch, which runs 50 pounds or less in the Columbia and its tributary Snake. And the sturgeon are well protected by game laws.

Sturgeon eggs cured in brine are caviar. The Columbia and its Snake freshet are the last frontiers of the nation's sturgeon and caviar.

Sturgeon fishing in the United States passed its apex at the century's turn, when one million pounds were hauled from Chesapeake Bay,

a similar amount from Lake of the Woods, four million from Lake Michigan and six million from the Columbia. The Columbia now yields half a million pounds yearly but the harvest from other U.S. waters is virtually zero.

The Columbia, more famous for its salmon and trout, has started to draw sportsmen's interest in sturgeon for their value. Most sturgeon is smoked before sale and the price ranges from \$2 to \$4 a pound. Caviar sells at \$7 to \$10 a pound.

Sturgeon value enchanced by rarity lures anglers once drawn to the Columbia for battling salmon. As a game fish, sturgeon ranks low on the sporting scale. Though a handful will fight, for the most part landing one is like hauling in a burdensome bale of laundry. Columbia sturgeon seldom leave fresh water. They lay eggs about every four years and live to ripe old ages.

IN SPRING, Columbia sturgeon below the dams swim downstream to feed on approaching schools of smelt. Some sturgeon get caught in tidal currents at the river's bar and, confused, go to sea.

Columbia caviar is consumed mostly in the Northwest and it totals about a ton a year. When the pack was larger years ago it was shipped to New York and Chicago hotels, and not too long back Columbia fishermen in ignorance often threw sturgeon roe away.

The roe often accounts for a sizable part of a mature fish, ranging from 15 to 25 per cent. In the case of a 100-pound sturgeon the caviar would be worth \$150 to \$250.

Under limits set by the sturgeon states, it appears as a sidelight that Indian tribes with treaty rights on the Columbia will gain some glamor to compete with the Oklahoma Indians and their oil, and with the Navajos and their uranium. The Columbia Indians will probably get a good share of American caviar, because the tribes legally may take the larger fish, the ones likely to be producers of caviar in bulk.

Sturgeon favor no particular stretch of the Columbia, for the eggy matrons and the amount of caviar from any total catch have never been more than three per cent, compared to ten for the Caspian and Black seas. But even under this rate, in 1889 about 120,000 pounds of caviar were hauled from the Columbia.

About five miles below Bonneville Dam, 45 miles upriver from Portland, Oregon, is Beacon Rock, perhaps the favorite nook of sportsmen on the prowl for sturgeon.

Proper tackle calls for a heavy salmon rod, a 100-pound test line, strong hooks and enough lead to hold your bait on the bottom. Two baits are used, frozen smelt or malodorous salmon.

If you want to stalk a "money fish," bring your heavy gear to the Columbia.

Technique of the "Artful Dodgers"

By SAM MIMS

EVEN a justice of the peace demands more respect from witnesses than is often accorded United States Senators who compose the Senate investigations committees.

One can scarcely imagine a police magistrate accepting complacently such insult as Miss Tima Ludins, a New York teacher, hurled at Senator Jenner, chairman of the subcommittee to investigate the administration of the Internal Security Act.

Although the first question propounded to Miss Ludins merely requested her to state her full name for the record, it elicited a fiery counter-question: "What is this cloak-and-dagger mystery you are staging?" the irate witness shouted.

A half hour later, after artfully dodging behind the Fifth Amendment several times, in reply to a question from Senator Jenner this witness said: "I would not degrade

myself by answering the accusations of your stool pigeons and informers. . . . The whole country is going to rise up against this kind of committee. People are going to put an end to it . . . and we will come out with a strong democracy, with academic freedom of conscience."

Invokers of the Fifth Amendment have not reserved all their invectives for Senators. The indignities that Congressman Jackson was forced to accept without the privilege of retaliation may be a fair example of what all members of the committees have suffered. On the other hand, it is possible that since he is from California, he was specifically marked for verbal slaughter by actors and screen writers of that State. Obviously they don't like him as a member of the Un-American Activities Committee, a conclusion easily arrived at after reading the testimony

of Ned Young of Los Angeles:
MR. JACKSON: What is your occupation?

MR. YOUNG: . . . That of an actor and writer.

MR. JACKSON: Have you been a member of the Communist Party while living in Los Angeles?

MR. YOUNG: Do you have any evidence to this effect, or testimony to this effect? If you have, produce it.

MR. JACKSON: Will you answer the question, please?

MR. YOUNG: Why don't you tell me what evidence you have against me? . . . I think this is a disgusting American procedure . . . I think this committee has been suppressive of every voice in America that has spoken out for the needs and desires of the decent people of America . . . The present chairman of this committee told falsehoods in the halls of Congress . . . and the result of these falsehoods was the storing up of a force and violence in what had been a peaceful community until now.

MR. JACKSON: Will you answer the question, please? Are you a member of the Communist Party? . . . If you want to clear yourself of any . . . allegations, you have here a great forum in which to do it. If the information we have about you is incorrect, all you have to do is say, "Sir, I have not been a member of the Communist Party."

Although I did not see and hear this witness testify, it seems to me his sneers and smirks are evident in the transcribed testimony. His words are vitriolic.

MR. YOUNG: How low can you get? I think you are a contemptible man.

The technique of many witnesses who invoked the Fifth Amendment was to snarl accusations at the committee members. Ned Young accused Congressman Jackson of being a fascist.

MR. YOUNG: Fascism is better than anything, isn't it, Mr. Jackson?

MR. JACKSON: Fascism is no good. It is the same sort of thing as communism. There is no difference . . . Either one would make a slave out of you . . .

MR. YOUNG: I think your intellectual prattle is extremely revealing, Mr. Jackson.

AFTER attending more than a score of hearings, I began reading the volumes of testimony taken by the three Congressional investigations committees to learn more about the behavior of these "artful dodgers."

Attempted ridicule is one of their techniques. Jay Gorney sang songs of his own composition, making lyrics out of the First Amendment.

MR. TAVENNER: What is your profession?

MR. GORNEY: I am a songwriter . . . I remember setting the First Amendment of the Constitution

to a childish little tune . . . It went something like this: [Witness sings.] "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion."

The record of testimony is silent on the matter of the committee members' appreciation for music. It does show, however, that Mr. Tavenner, the committee counsel, interrupted the singing with: "It is rather unusual for a witness to sing."

MR. GORNEY: I understand . . . But you have allowed others to sing; trained pigeons, I call them . . . May I continue?

MR. TAVENNER: Not with song, please.

Few people know that these committees employ some of the best investigators in the country, many of whom have had years of experience with the FBI. Much information comes from volunteer witnesses. But to the "artful dodgers," investigators and informers are of one class, labeled "stool pigeons." And Mr. Mortimer Offner doesn't like 'em.

MR. TAVENNER: What is your occupation?

MR. OFFNER: I am a director — theatrical director, and television director.

MR. TAVENNER: Are you acquainted with Mr. Leo Townsend?

MR. OFFNER: You are referring, I take it, to the stool pigeon screen writer that testified before this committee in Hollywood . . . Well, I refuse to answer your

question on the grounds that it would be degrading to connect myself in any way with such a man . . .

These hearings are usually rather grim affairs. Facetious remarks are seldom heard. The spectators don't go there for laughs.

I doubt if Lionel Stander was trying to be funny. More likely he was attempting to sanction and support traditions of the theatrical field.

MR. TAVENNER: What is your occupation or profession?

MR. STANDER: Well, I am basically an actor. I have been a newspaper reporter . . . and I know a group of fanatics who are desperately trying to undermine the Constitution of the United States by depriving artists and others of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness without due process of law . . . If you are interested, I am willing to tell you . . . about these activities which I think are subversive.

The recorded testimony discloses the fact that the committees often had trouble bringing harangues and tirades to an end. One of them, testimony shows, lasted seventy minutes. Mr. Stander might have broken this record had not the interrogator mentioned "a wife."

Counsel for the committee quoted to the witness testimony of other witnesses to the effect that they had been with Mr. Stander at various Communist meetings, at which Mr. Stander's wife was also present.

MR. TAVENNER: I do not propose to ask any questions regarding your wife —

MR. STANDER: I am not married.

MR. TAVENNER: Or your former wife.

MR. STANDER: Which one?

MR. TAVENNER: Well, the name mentioned here is Lucy. Do you remember that name?

MR. STANDER: Yeah, I remember her, vaguely.

MR. TAVENNER: You have been asked questions as to whether or not you were a Communist during a certain period. Now answer that question.

MR. STANDER: . . . My estimate of this committee is that this committee arrogates to itself judicial and punitive powers which it does not possess.

IN OPEN hearings, witnesses are seldom disturbed by unexpected questions. Each one of them has already been interrogated in executive session, held primarily for the purpose of checking questions and answers against information previously obtained by trained investigators.

In spite of such checks and double checks, one frequently hears in the Nation's Capital considerable weeping and wailing about "innocent" witnesses who are brought into open hearings and "mercilessly smeared." The usual chant heard here is: "The Fifth Amendment is for the innocent as well as for the guilty."

"No person . . . shall be compelled in any *criminal case* to be a witness against himself" is that portion of the Fifth Amendment that has become so important.

It is difficult to understand how an *innocent* witness can become so involved in a *criminal case* that his truthful answers to any question might tend to incriminate him. Under what circumstances would an *innocent* person need to invoke the Fifth Amendment? To my untutored ears *innocence* and *incrimination* are totally incompatible.

However, after attending a dozen or so of the hearings, I stopped worrying about the *innocent*. There weren't any. Of more than a hundred witnesses I have heard invoke the Fifth Amendment, not one of them impressed me as being *innocent* nor convinced me of his loyalty to the United States.

My first attendance at a Congressional committee hearing was stimulated by curiosity to see in action "Eat-'em-alive" Joseph R. McCarthy. Before adding my voice to the hue and cry against this "merciless and intolerable" Senator, I wanted to see him at work. I wanted to see the "McCarthy technique" in operation. But I soon learned that the technique of the "artful dodgers" is far more pronounced and much easier to recognize at all times.

I think, however, there is a McCarthy technique. Perhaps it is better seen in the manner in which he handles a timid witness, and par-

ticularly one who is not accompanied by an attorney. With such, he is extremely patient and sympathetic, carefully explaining the protection afforded by the Fifth Amendment. Frequently I have heard him ask a question, then immediately tell the witness that if there is danger of incriminating himself, he can be protected by invoking the Bill of Rights.

But Senator Joe is a different guy when he encounters a witness who is clearly steeped in the Communist line, and especially one who shows little appreciation of our cherished traditions, or perhaps no regard for our competitive system of economy.

MORE of the "McCarthy technique" is seen in the testimony of David M. Freedman who said he was a lawyer, permitted to practice before the United States District Courts and before any of the agencies of the United States Government; that his offices were at 11 Park Place, New York City; and that, for a proper fee, he would advise the chairman and his committee regarding their limited powers. The gentleman's sarcasm was very pronounced.

Mr. Roy Cohn, counsel for the committee, asked the witness if his law firm had employed Julius Reiss to work with them "in connection with the defense of certain Communist leaders." The witness invoked the Fifth Amendment, which precipitated a hot argument be-

tween the lawyer-witness and the Senator.

SENATOR MCCARTHY: You are not entitled to refuse on that ground. You are only entitled to the privilege of the Fifth Amendment if you think a truthful answer might tend to incriminate you . . . Your law partner told us yesterday that he thought that a member of the Communist Party should be proud of the fact that he was a Communist. Do you feel the same way?

MR. FREEDMAN: I don't differ on this; no.

SENATOR MCCARTHY: Then why are you ashamed to tell us that you are a Communist?

MR. FREEDMAN: . . . I didn't make the laws, but I am obliged to live by them when they are bad and are administered by evil people.

Millen Brand testified that he is a writer and book publisher. Asked various questions regarding whether or not he had engaged in espionage against this country, he evaded most questions by invoking the Fifth Amendment, for which he got this parting verbal shot from Senator McCarthy:

I might say, Mr. Brand, that if you were in the Soviet Union today and you were asked whether or not you had committed espionage against the Soviet Union on behalf of the United States, you would have very little chance of getting any life insurance.

One of the choice wails in the

Communist chorus is easy to follow while examining their technique — their charge that people are becoming hysterical, all on account of the despicable Congressional investigations committees.

My observation is that the “artful dodgers” are the hysterical ones. Certainly Edward Huebsch, a Hollywood screen writer, wasn’t very complacent when he testified.

MR. TAVENNER: Were you at any time a member of the Communist Party prior to your coming to Los Angeles?

MR. HUEBSCH: . . . Now, sir, in these days of hysteria, Congress has passed the Smith Act . . . It deprives a man of the right to go to meetings. If you say, “Yes, I went to a meeting,” then the wagon is waiting outside . . .

CHAIRMAN VELDE: We are not interested in hearing any more of that type of argument . . . I now direct you to answer the question put to you by our counsel.

MR. HUEBSCH: . . . To King George III, I am sure all the constitutional provisions were questionable, but I don’t think we are ready to crown you King Harold Velde.

After reading the testimony of all witnesses who appeared before the Congressional investigations committees during 1953, and after attending numerous hearings, I am no longer sympathetic with the wailing and gnashing of teeth by those who claim these Government agencies are smearing the good names of hundreds of men and women. Nor am I forced to strain my limited vocabulary to stop some of my acquaintances in their wild, unsupported charges about cruelly treated innocent witnesses. “Name one,” I say, and that usually ends the discussion.

But I am left wondering why a justice of the peace or a police magistrate can command more respect of witnesses than can groups of Representatives and Senators.

The law gives each committee the right to adopt rules to govern its operations, but there seems to be very limited authority for the adoption of methods of self-protection for committee members against the abuse and insults of irate “artful dodgers” who invoke the Fifth Amendment which in reality only offers protection to those persons involved in any “criminal case.”



» Freedom from fear and injustice and oppression will be ours only in the measure that men who value such freedom are ready to sustain its possession — to defend it against every thrust from within or without.

— Dwight David Eisenhower
Crusade in Europe

Bottles Carry Their MESSAGES

~~~~~ *By Charles E. Booth*

FROM out of the seven seas come tales of adventure, triumph, despair and romance. But an endless stream of true-life stories are constantly unfolded via the thousands of bottles which are retrieved from the coasts of America every year.

Messages of loneliness, hatred and fear are bottled up, sealed, and then tossed to the winds from ships, docks and forgotten islands. A good percentage of these hastily written stories are conjured by cranks — those people who can't resist a chance to prey upon the emotions of their fellow beings. A great many of them, however, are authentic and often lead to rescue, fortune or even marriage.

A few years ago, a bottle was washed ashore at Palo Alto, California, with this startling message: "I leave my entire estate to the person lucky enough to find this bottle, and to my attorney (named in the note). Share and share alike."

The note, found by a restaurant worker, was signed by Daisy Alexander, daughter of Isaac Singer, the sewing machine magnate. She died in London, England, leaving nearly \$12,000,000. It had been a habit of Mrs. Alexander's to toss bottled messages into the ocean merely to find out how far they would drift.

A bottle thrown into the Pacific Ocean near Australia was picked up by a stewardess aboard a British liner. "I am a mate on a freighter and I am bound for the South Seas," the scribbled note said. "I am lonesome and hope that fate will bring me a wife. Perhaps some girl not older than thirty will find this bottle and write to me." The stewardess communicated with the sailor and eventually married him.

Nowadays, bottles by the thousands are being released by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service from the vicinity of Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Each contains a card which, when mailed to the

Service by the finder, is worth one dollar. The purpose of these Government bottles is to maintain a check on the movements of ocean currents.

**D**ESPITE the numerous everyday messages carried by the traveling bottles, there are some that contain words of despair, courage and sheer tragedy. Two small boys, for instance, discovered an old beer bottle floating off the coast of Maine, with the message: "Our ship is sinking. The S.O.S. won't help. I guess this is it. Good-bye now. Maybe this will reach the good old U.S.A."

Within a few weeks from the time when the bottle had been found, debris was seen near the spot and the United States Naval Intelligence announced that both the bottle and the floating remains had once belonged to the destroyer *Beatty*, sunk during World War II. A period of over four years had been required for the wreckage to travel some 3000 miles to the United States.

A note that ended abruptly in the first World War described the horrors of the passengers on a famous ship just before it sank. Hundreds of persons perished, but one of them had had the courage and foresight to write a final message: "I am still on deck with a few people. One is a child. The last boats have left. We are sinking fast. The orchestra is playing bravely and some men near me are praying with a priest. The end is near.

Maybe this note will —" But the last words were never written in this sorrowful message from the torpedoed *Lusitania*.

Some bottles carry their messages to their intended destinations with remarkable speed. For example, there was one from a sailor, addressed to his wife in Miami, which was tossed into the sea off the Florida coast. It washed up on the shore about twenty miles from that city and was delivered in two days.

Not all bottled notes are confined to the mercy of the ocean waves. In Piedmont, Alabama, the Reverend Jewel Pierce has used the rivers for years to distribute copies of his sermons. Since 1946, he has tossed 27,000 of them into the currents, earning the title, "America's greatest bottle mailman."

Bottles, as conveyers of messages, frequently meet with disastrous results. Many of them travel thousands of miles toward their destinations only to be dashed to pieces against sand bars or rocks. Some of them are intercepted by persons suspecting that the notes are simply the work of cranks; while still others are lost in storms at sea or are broken in contact with ships.

But among the many thousands that find their way to our sea coasts and into our harbors each year are those that carry genuine messages from the lives of someone or some group of people who are lonely, desperate, in search of a mate, or are in immediate danger.



# *Lucy Never Made a Pomander*

By NELL WOMACK EVANS

MY GRANNY, unlike the grandmothers of other reminiscers, never made a pomander, nor sat forever knitting and purling. She never baked loads of dainty cookies, nor golden loaves of bread, nor light-as-a-feather cakes for her grandchildren.

Lucy — that's my 98-year-old grandmother, residing yet, alone and spry as a cricket in her beloved Arkansas village — never, even before years excused her from these pursuits, showed a marked devotion to so-called womanly virtues. Rather, she "set more store" by fun than by fancy houses, and was always ready to postpone Monday's washing or Tuesday's ironing for the adventure of a fishing trip, or a trek to the woods in search of persimmons, hickory nuts or fox grapes. Yet her sun-and-wind-bleached bedding, floors white from sand scrubbing, and ever-ready pot of coffee on the back of a shiny black range raise the spirits of a vast number of visitors to whom

her door is always open and the contents of her cupboard shared. Generous and amiable, Lucy is more given, however, to laughter and joke-telling at home or visiting than to serving toilsome meals, or wiping her hostess' dishes.

She applauded the virtues of church attendance to her grandchildren, but frankly has no patience with a God who would punish her for doing "as my heart tells me."

She is "agin" riotous living, but her grandchildren recall with delight her homemade wines, and rock 'n' rye, forbidden and festive, punctuated with song. She is aware that profanity is frowned upon, but is unaware that her brand, overshadowed with originality and rendered in soft Southern tones, is more humorous than blasphemous.

Lucy is not learned, as we today consider learning, for in her young time little store was put by these things; but she is not ignorant, because she is interested in even the littlest thing, and in people,



high and low. She has an intense capacity for listening to what she hears, remembering it and "mulling it over to see what I think." Perhaps that is why blindness that came with old age has but slightly impeded her joy in living.

Much as Lucy values friendship, she is not dependent upon others for her buoyant spirit. Much of her time is spent in solitude, going about the countless duties and privileges her little home affords, for she is beautifully independent in caring for herself and the necessities of life even to her mellowed age. Still "brewing my own coffee," she says gratefully, when the state of her health is asked. She doesn't indulge in demoralizing self-pity.

**H**ER LIFE has been lived by no means on Easy Street. She knew incessant farm toil as a child; the cruel personal indignity of an unwelcome orphan in the home of relatives; the hard life of the pioneer wife and mother, with too little food and inadequate shelter robbing her of her first-born; and the burden of grief for a beloved husband, who died insolvent in his prime.

If she stays a little busier — fluff-

ing her feather-beds oftener, over-cultivating her garden, surprising neighborhood children with ice-cream supper, or unnecessarily tidying up her hen house — when troubles come, that is Lucy's declaration of faith that if she puts her mind to it she can take gracefully whatever life has to offer and take it without whining. Of incalculable value to her is remarkable physical vitality, in keeping with her appetite for enjoyment of her gift of time. Her hair is still brown, as if bearing the stamp of divine approval.

I think of my grandmother much, and I wonder whether in my essentially different life I could emulate her unspoken philosophy. She knows not the so-called advantages I enjoy. And she would have little understanding of the problem involved in my trying to capture her spirit and put it on paper.

But, if I can think joyously, act spontaneously, trust implicitly, and open my arms to all possible activities of the mind and spirit, cultivating the near-at-handness, perhaps Lucy's Lord will allow me to thumb my nose at the devils of senility and dependence, insecurity and despair. This is Lucy's endowment.



» Give me the life of the boy whose mother is nurse, seamstress, washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel, and saint, all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar, and friend. No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune.

— *Andrew Carnegie*



# *The Strange Story of* **Ernest Halbach**

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

THIS is the story of a man who well may go down in history as the most persecuted American businessman.

It is a narrative concerning Ernest K. Halbach, a Philadelphia-born citizen who ever since Pearl Harbor has been hounded by the Government and denied his day in court.

Our battleships and our dead were scarcely at rest in the soft mud of Oahu when the U.S. Treasury Department branded Halbach a "Nazi" and a "cloak" for German chemical industrialists. Halbach's company, the General Dyestuff Corporation of New York, and the corporation stock, worth millions, were confiscated. He was indicted under the "Trading With the Enemy Act," a revision of the old 1917 Act — a revision which changed the meaning of "custodianship" by the Alien Property Custodian to "confiscation." Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

was then Secretary of the Treasury, and the APC was under his supervision.

As this is written, Joseph B. Keenan, Washington attorney and former Assistant Attorney General, has filed a petition for a writ of certiorari in the Supreme Court in an effort to get the Halbach matter into court and blow the whole case wide open.

"It's the Halbach family's due as American citizens," Keenan has asserted.

Before we go into the story, as told in the official records, two facts should be pointed out:

*One:* When Halbach's property was confiscated, and while he was "suspect," the Government kept him on first as president of the corporation and later as "special consultant," in which capacities he served for eight years.

*Two:* During the entire war pe-

riod, Halbach served as an advisory consultant to the War Production Board and was officially commended for his services to his country "in time of war."

To begin at the beginning, Halbach's father came to the U.S. at 19 and began his lifelong business career. He married an American-born woman, after becoming an American citizen. Halbach's wife and his two daughters, Mrs. John L. Kemmerer and Mrs. Roy R. Bumstead, were American-born, as were his sons-in-law who served with distinction in the armed forces in World War II.

Halbach, a noted authority on dyestuffs for half a century, was a stockholder and officer of the General Dyestuff Corporation from its incorporation in New York in 1925. Halbach was a shrewd businessman; he acquired, for his company, the exclusive rights to sell the products of the General Aniline & Film Corporation, a European organization. Halbach was a persistent accumulator of stock in his company. By 1939 he had voting control. At that time Halbach was paid \$100,000 a year as president, and his stock earned more than \$75,000 annually.

For tax purposes, Halbach made an irrevocable gift in trust of this stock to his wife and daughters.

**T**HEN came Pearl Harbor — and the day after. Halbach had arrived early at his New York office.



There was much to be done, and quickly. Dyestuffs, he knew, would play an important part in the war we had just declared against Japan. There were conferences with his executives, many calls to Washington and other places. There was much dictation. Then, around noontime, there was an uproar. The offices were invaded by more than a dozen men, one of whom packed a pistol. The man with the pistol pushed into Halbach's private office and announced: "We're taking over!"

"Just who is 'we'?" asked Halbach.

"The U.S. Treasury Department."

"By what authority have you and those men with you entered our offices?"

"Treasury Department orders. It states in my orders that this is a German-owned company."

"That's a lie. My company is 100 per cent American-owned."

"Okay, buster — but I'm the new boss."

Let's let the aforementioned Joseph B. Keenan tell what happened, as he told the Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee on July 22, 1953. This is quoted from the official record:

"At the very outset the Treasury moved into the premises of General Dyestuff Corporation, literally tore the place apart, examined the mail, incoming and outgoing, annoyed and embarrassed the employees, and

generally created the suspicion that Halbach was an untrustworthy person . . . The program was nothing short of vicious. Of course, this did not jibe with the facts at all, for at the very time when the Government was exerting the most pressure on Halbach and doing its utmost to brand him as a Nazi . . . he was acting as a consultant . . . to the War Production Board . . . and believe it or not, Halbach was retained by the Government to run General Dyestuff Corporation after its seizure."

*Halbach was indicted, but it was ten years before he was brought to trial.* More about that where it fits into the picture.

In July, 1942, *all* of the stock of General Dyestuff — including the 54 per cent placed in the irrevocable trust fund by Halbach — was confiscated by the Government and "vested." *It was the stock of a New York corporation, 100 per cent owned, as the records prove, by American citizens.*

**I**MMEDIATELY after the vesting of the stock, the Treasury Department blocked the private bank accounts of Halbach, his wife, his aged mother and his daughters, and the family became completely dependent upon the whim of the Department as to whether they could pay their grocery and doctor bills. Government agents intensified their investigations and audits of Halbach's income tax returns. Halbach was

subjected to constant surveillance and the Halbach home, where Mrs. Halbach was dying of cancer, was invaded by Government agents who virtually gave Mrs. Halbach the "third degree" about her husband's "German connections."

That same month (July, 1942), Mr. Halbach was dismissed as president of the company, a position he had held since 1930, and Louis A. Johnson was made president by Leo T. Crowley, the Government Custodian. *Yet Halbach continued in the employ of his own seized company as "special consultant" and continued in the active management until he was "retired" in August 1950.*

Subsequently, when the matter of the vesting got into court, Mr. Crowley, the Alien Property Custodian, submitted an affidavit which set forth in substance that under the direction of Secretary Morgenthau, the Treasury Department had seized General Aniline & Film, a German-controlled corporation, and that since General Dyestuff had a contract under which it had the exclusive right to sell and distribute products of General Aniline, it was necessary in the interest of running General Aniline to vest General Dyestuff stock. In other words, as had been pointed out by Halbach and his attorneys, seizure of the General Dyestuff stock was a matter of administrative convenience.

From the outset, Halbach wanted to file suit to recover the family property, but because of the war

excitement, was advised to postpone action, not only by his lawyers but by Crowley — who later testified that he advised Halbach not to go into court until after the war. But Halbach *had* to bring suit during the war or admit by silence the implications of disloyalty.

So, in 1944, suit to recover the stock was filed in a U.S. District Court in New Jersey. Halbach charges that Government lawyers took advantage of the family's necessity to protect their reputation, and hustled their case to trial. The case was set for trial at about the time of the Battle of the Bulge and the Malmedy Massacres, when wartime passions were fiercest.

THE GOVERNMENT then began negotiations for a settlement with the Halbach family. Halbach, in sworn testimony, has charged the Government with duress. He was first offered \$100 a share for his stock and, finally, \$118. This last was a "take it or leave it" offer for stock valued at more than \$500 a share.

Halbach, in testimony and legal documents, has charged that the Government threatened that unless the Halbachs agreed to the suggested purchase price the Government would, before the Halbachs could try and win their case, destroy the value of the stock beyond the settlement price. The Government claimed it had the legal right to dispose of the stock before its control-through-seizure could be upset by the courts.

But, charged Halbach, there was another condition — the Government's ace in the hole. Stockholders of General Dyestuff had a buy-back agreement under which, if one of the stockholders left the company, he was obligated to first offer his shares to the company at an arbitrary price of \$100. The Government threatened to sell Halbach's stock to the corporation at the \$100 figure, hold it as Treasury stock, and thus relegate any original stockholders' claims to that figure.

While negotiations were in progress and the trial date was nearing, a series of articles appeared in the now-defunct newspaper *PM* attacking Halbach as a Nazi agent. These articles, *PM* asserted, were based on memoranda from the files of the Office of the Alien Property Custodian. That office subsequently admitted that "the memoranda . . . cited in the articles had in all probability been 'leaked' to the press in a wholly unauthorized manner."

Halbach has testified that he knew he was licked. He was without funds, his wife was dying, and he was not a free bargaining agent. So, in January of 1945 he accepted an offer of \$557,000 for stock the Halbachs valued in excess of \$2,000,000. The next day, Government press releases pointed out in self-congratulation that the Government had acquired the Halbach stock, with an asset value of \$540 a share, at \$118.

*But that wasn't all. The Government declared a dividend to itself out*

*of the corporate surplus of General Dyestuff (which had not been vested) and paid the Halbachs with their own money — on which they had to pay income tax.*

*Then Halbach was kept on to run the company!*

FOR A LONG TIME following the settlement, Halbach was not harassed. Blocks on the family bank accounts had been released and he and Johnson, the Government-appointed president, worked well together. In the meantime, direction of the Alien Property Office had been transferred from Treasury to the Department of Justice. Johnson resigned in 1947 and in that same year Attorney General Tom Clark, now a Supreme Court Justice, appointed Jack Frye, former president of TWA, as president of both General Aniline and General Dyestuff.

*Once again Halbach was retained as consultant.*

Under Frye, according to Halbach, his advice was seldom sought and in August, 1950, he was fired. Frye says Halbach was retired. The following year, Halbach caused to be filed in the name of his daughters, a motion to re-open the original suit under which the settlement had been made "under duress," as was charged.

*Then, immediately following the filing of the motion, the old 1942 indictment against Halbach — all but forgotten during the intervening years — was dug out of the archives and*

*docketed for trial.*

Halbach was tried before Federal Judge Thomas F. Murphy and a jury in January, 1952 — more than ten years after the indictment had been returned. *On January 26, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."*

The motion to re-open the Halbach case, upon which the settlement had been predicated, was denied. An appeal to the Circuit Court in Philadelphia likewise was denied, and the recent petition for a writ of certiorari is the result of that decision. The petition sets forth that "the only remedy which petitioners seek is the right to try in a court on the merits for the first and only time . . . this suit . . . for the recovery of their property [corporate stock, all of which the Government still holds]."

Last July, lengthy hearings were held before a subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate on the question of amendments to the "Trading With the Enemy Act" which would eliminate admitted inequities and injustices, eliminate confiscation and redress wrongs. If legislation recommended by this committee is adopted, Halbach (and others of course) would have fair hearings, regardless of the outcome of Halbach's petition to the Supreme Court.

A great number of witnesses were heard; many letters and statements were read into the records. *On the day when Halbach appeared, he was*

*sued by General Dyestuff and General Aniline for \$6,000,000 for enticing employees from those concerns to his new company, Verona Chemical Company of Newark, New Jersey.* When Jack Frye was asked if there was anything significant in this, he replied, "It was just coincidence."

Frye twice appeared before the committee. Here is a summary of his statements as recorded in the final report, printed in February:

"In early 1947, after having spent almost twenty years with Trans-World Airlines, Frye resigned from that company after a series of disagreements with the principal stockholders over the policies and programs of the company. On the day that the first public announcement of that resignation appeared, Tom Clark, who was then Attorney General of the United States and a close personal friend of Frye, contacted Frye and advised him that one of the companies under the jurisdiction of the Office of Alien Property was in need of a president." . . . (Frye accepted first the presidency of General Aniline, and two months later the presidency of General Dyestuff.)

"Mr. Frye testified that the Attorney General was the only individual who had anything to do with his appointment and although there had been reports to the effect that the President of the United States made the appointment he [Frye] knew of no such action on the

part of the President. Frye also stated that he knew of no influence exerted on his behalf by the Democratic National Committee or Mr. Bob Hannegan, chairman of the committee." (Frye then related that his first salary was \$50,000 a year but that when he took over the second company it was increased to \$65,000. Then in 1948) "the compensation committee of the board of directors took up with the Attorney General the question of increasing the salary of Frye. The committee recommended a salary in excess of \$100,000. After the Attorney General stated he wished the amount kept under \$100,000 Frye's salary was increased to the present figure of \$97,000 from the two companies, with a substantial additional allowance for expenses.

"Frye also testified with regard to procuring services for both corporations. He stated that advertising contracts, legal fees and other types of services were retained by action of the board of directors and that the retention of such services was not first cleared with the Office of Alien Property; further that no report of such fees is made to the OAP other than the submission of board minutes which reflect payments of any consequence for services and the financial reports of the companies."

The summary of Frye's testimony continues:

" . . . At a meeting of the board of directors held on February 6, 1947 it was unanimously resolved



that beginning February 6, 1947, Louis Johnson of the firm of Steptoe & Johnson, Washington, D.C. should receive a retainer of \$18,000 per year (from General Dyestuff) payable \$1,500 monthly. On February 26, 1947, Louis Johnson resigned as president of General Dyestuff.

"On January 20, 1947, at a meeting of the board of directors of the General Aniline & Film Corporation, of which Louis Johnson was a member, consideration was given the appointment of counsel and on motion duly made and seconded, it was unanimously resolved that effective February 1, 1947, the firm of Steptoe & Johnson would be appointed general counsel for the company at a rate of \$3,000 a month. The compensation would be for services arising in the ordinary course of the company's affairs, exclusive of litigation to an amount not in excess of \$50,000 per year, such limitation to be subject to review.

*"The aggregate of fees paid and expenses reimbursed to Steptoe & Johnson during the period from 1947 to 1951 was \$460,251.79. As of January, 1953, the firm was still general counsel for the above corporations."*

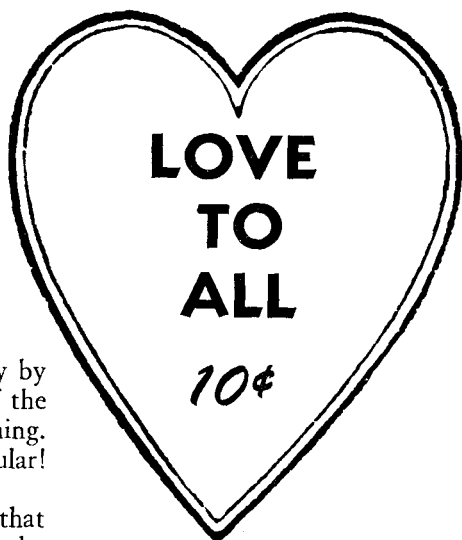
DURING the committee hearings Leo T. Crowley testified and, among other things, stated: "During my course as Alien Property Custodian I got to know Mr. Halbach very well . . . We had an investigation made of him. I think the FBI made one for me . . . and we found no

evidence anywhere where anyone could cause any criticism to be made against Mr. Halbach's integrity or against his patriotism . . . My position always was that if we made a mistake, we should have the courage to rectify it."

There were many similar statements made before the committee, including a letter from the late Senator Robert A. Taft which was read into the record. One paragraph is quoted: "It is important that a Government dedicated to doing justice look beyond the merits of technical devices and examine the fundamental issues of justification for the confiscation of property in the first instance and the implication of disloyalty that so easily goes with it. If the Government acted properly and legally in this matter, it has nothing to fear or lose since the court would confirm such seizure. If this was not a proper action by the Government, it should not hide behind a technical curtain and prevent a citizen from asserting his rights on the basic merits involved."

What's behind it all? After reviewing the case, Senator Alexander Wiley, in a speech in the Senate demanding a fair court hearing for Halbach, asked: "What's wrong about such a court review? Nothing. But the Alien Property Office doesn't want it. It's scared of it. It is screaming against it. It fears a judicial review. There are too many skeletons rattling in too many closets."

By Dorothy Ames



I'VE BEEN HIT in the eye lately by a large ad in the window of the stationery store I pass each morning. It says in big print: "Be Popular! Send a Greeting Card!"

If cards are going out on that tack — joining chlorophyll in the you-can't-be-popular-without-it campaign — it means bigger and better days ahead for us jinglers. To meet the needs of an expanding clientele, the cards will have to offer a wider range of sentiments, so I've been looking over the field, finding a few variations on old themes.

All in the merry month of May here we come to Mother's Day. Worn out with poring over the newspaper advertisements which remind you that Mother would like some come-catch-me perfume and a black lace foundation, you rush to the stationer's and select this:

Mother dear, I'd write a letter  
Which, of course, would please you  
better,  
But reading ads of what to buy ya  
Takes all my time, so here's a  
'hi ya'.

On the rack labeled "For someone else's Mother," there's a fascinating card with the caption: "To My Wife on Mother's Day." Don't look inside; the motif is so promising.

I'll be gone this weekend, Dear.  
Where? I do not choose to say.  
But this card will bring its cheer  
To my Wife on Mother's Day.

Leaving Mother wondering just where her boy is and what he's doing, turn next to the convalescents. So your friend is in the hospital. Of course you don't go to see him, though the days drag on. Instead you come up with a new idea on the "Get Well Quick" card, something cheery and sincere.

Smelling lysol would distress me.  
Easily my nerves are jarred.  
Visits to the sick depress me,  
So you only rate a card.



The zenith is reached in the "Write Soon" cards. So you won't write, eh? It's a touchy situation; hard to know just how much you can say in a letter, so let the guys who write the cards say it.

Dear, I know that we are through,  
But detachment takes some time.  
Here's another "write soon" card,  
Nuisance value for a dime.

And so we come to the bonanza,  
Christmas. A few innovations will  
keep the bona fide Yuletide spirit  
right on the beam.

Carefully I've kept a list  
Of those who sent me cards before.  
Not a one of you'll be missed,  
Though it be an awful bore.

And the all-purpose couplet for  
weary shoppers will appear:

Here's the card I bought for you.  
Ten more names and I'll be through.

The card business has to meet meticulous specifications. In a crowded department store last December a rushed and weary salesgirl tried to appease a woman customer demanding a "husband card."

"I'm afraid we're all out of husbands, but here is a nice sweetheart card."

The retort sizzled: "He's not my sweetheart; he's my husband." Such nuances deserve attention from the verse makers.

Several gaps in the calendar need filling. For instance, we've overlooked Columbus Day.

Here it is Columbus Day  
In the good old U.S.A.  
Since so many joys surround us,  
Greetings on the day he found us.

Let's see what other days are lying around unsung:

This card may come as a surprise.  
I hope it makes your spirits rise;  
And may you find the world is gay  
On this happy Ground Hog Day.

Then there are the weeks, those extra special weeks — all fifty-two of them. Wouldn't you like to receive this one?

Eat an Apple Week is here  
Bringing health and bringing cheer.  
Shun the meat, the eggs, the scrap-  
ple;  
Join the movement; eat an apple.

And if somehow we get stuck, though it doesn't seem at all necessary, here's a job appropriate at any time:

Though a card should have a reason —  
Greetings for a day or season —  
I am stymied. To be frank,  
The calendar today is blank.

With any of these cards you can tuck in a handkerchief if you want to make your popularity doubly secure.



## C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



# *In the Mercury's Opinion*

BY RUSSELL MAGUIRE

OVER three centuries ago, a group of courageous Englishmen became voluntary exiles from the land of their birth to escape a tyrant king. They realized that freedom was their most treasured possession.

With their honesty, moral courage, and their belief in their future, they founded our country. They refused to submit to the terrors of tyranny and they formed the most democratic government the world has ever known. It is our God-given heritage. Ours is the solemn duty as trustees and custodians to guard, protect, and perpetuate it.

For the past two decades, our nation has been under the rule of a group of alien intellectuals whose beliefs were completely opposite to the principles laid down by our forefathers and carried out by their successors. This philosophy has warped our thinking. It has kept us mentally and morally impoverished. It operates by repeated promises of assembly line welfare along with a false premise that the world owes every one of us a living and that the working habits and Christian faith of our ancestors were false and decadent.

Democrats and Republicans alike were fooled by these dangerous and unworkable theories. Many of them still are in the dark as to the plan of the conspirators.

Our public debt is beyond comprehension; our government is bursting with two and one-half million bureaucrats who are still hanging on the public payroll. Hundreds of Communists have been unearthed inside and outside of the government and the search is far from over.

Where are we going? When is this hue and cry against the cleaning out of our diseased Federal agencies going to stop?

Who got us into our present mess? Are they going to be exposed and punished?

How many Harry Dexter Whites are there still in government?

Who was the man so powerful that he could persuade President Truman that the promotion of White should be made at a time when the FBI had informed the Executive Department of his treasonable activities?

Let's get the answer to this and many other unanswered questions of this kind and get to the bottom of this tragic mess. And let's see that real Americans occupy the key positions, that we may get back on solid ground.

Democrats and Republicans alike must work together or we shall forfeit the heritage that is ours. We will break faith with the coming generations unless we act now.

THE WORLD's loneliest, most isolated and inaccessible Christian monastery marks the spot, in the Sinai Mountains, where Moses is supposed to have become "possessed" of God and to have "given the law" to the Chosen People. Along a weary way, barely indicated

As you pass out of the Suez Canal into the narrow Gulf of Suez you have the Sinai Mountains on your left. In the clear dry air they seem close at hand, and so somber and lifeless is their prospect that it makes you shiver. It is as if time itself had done with all this land, as if it were a

# THE MONASTERY *of* ST. CATHERINE

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*By Marc J. Greene*



now by the trail of a few far-wandering mountain nomads and shepherds, came the hordes of the Exodus, pausing here at what was even then an Egyptian temple, centuries later a stronghold of the Roman emperor Justinian, and today the Greek Orthodox Monastery of St. Catherine. Here, some years ago, the Russian scholar and explorer, Tischendorf, found the famous Codex Sinaiticus.

region returned to primeval chaos, without life or connection with the rest of the world.

The Sinai Peninsula sticks out southwesterly to where the Gulf of Aqaba and the Gulf of Suez merge in the Red Sea. The former is a kind of fjord, steep bare cliffs coming down to the water's edge. Occasionally there opens up a hot dry valley, and at the head of one of these, in the shadow of the peak known as Raf Safasa, you find the lonely monastery and its two-score monks.

The ancient walls of Justinian, six feet thick, fifty feet high in some places, enclose it, and within is the Well of Jethro, where Moses helped the Seven Daughters. There is also, at least in legend, the Burning Bush. In the chapel bearing that name are two solid silver sarcophagi. One was presented by Peter the Great of Russia to the Virgin Martyr; the other, with its priceless adornment of rubies and emeralds, by the Czar Alexander II as a kind of compensation for the turning over of the Codex Sinaiticus to Tischendorf. There are also relics of St. Catherine,

said to have been found five hundred years after her martyrdom in Alexandria, on the highest peak of Sinai. They are in a heavy marble casket which contains two priceless gold receptacles, one of which is supposed to hold her head, the other a hand covered with jewels.

The Monastery of Saint Catherine is perched high on the edge of a precipitous cliff, somewhat like Mount Athos in Greece, and until recently any visitor who might appear had to be drawn up the cliffside in a basket which was hoisted by hand by the monks. But lately a touch of modernity has reached even this lonely spot, and steps have been cut in the rock of the mountain, narrow and steep, in some places piercing the rock in subterranean passages.

**T**HE basilica itself is breath-taking. You find it almost inconceivable that such a church should be located in such a place. The great Byzantine doors swing back and you wonder if you are not dreaming.

Huge granite columns, though disfigured with whitewash, are reminiscent of the great basilicas of early Christian Italy and the Near East. There are innumerable silver lamps and swinging icons.

The basilica, built by Greek monks through more than half a century, is on the site of an Egyptian temple of the Twelfth Dynasty (second millenium B.C.) which appears to have been preceded by another of pre-dynastic date (fifth to fourth

millenia, B.C.) for the famous scholar and antiquarian, Flinders Petrie, found five inscriptions in an alphabetical script no scholar has been able to translate or determine to what it relates.

Through part of this Land of Sinai leads the present-day pilgrim-trail to Mecca, from Lower Egypt. But, for thousands of years before even Mecca was heard of, Egyptians are known to have worked copper and turquoise mines hereabouts, mines long since abandoned, though no man knows what mineral, perhaps jewel, wealth these bare and somber hills contain.

Rare is a visitor to Saint Catherine's but when one does appear he is greeted warmly and given what hospitality may be available. This is scant because the monks themselves are strict vegetarians and exist upon what they laboriously produce out of the thin and reluctant soil.

They are extreme zealots, these Greek ecclesiastics, hiding themselves away in places lonely, inaccessible, austere and incredibly dismal. There they pray and meditate, having abandoned life in this world the better to fit themselves for that in the next.

When one dies, he is buried for ten years; then the bones are exhumed and stacked away in the charnel-house, inside the entrance to which sits an astonishingly lifelike effigy of Stephen the Porter, who died at his post more than 1,400 years ago. He has been on guard ever since.



# ***Report by J. Edgar Hoover:*** **U. S. COMMUNISTS** **TODAY**

*The following is an excerpt from the testimony of J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, before the House Appropriations Committee in December, 1953*

**T**HE BASIC objectives of our investigations in the field of internal security are: first, the developing of intelligence information concerning the activities of individuals and organizations who aim at subversion or the overthrow of our Government; second, procuring legal evidence to sustain prosecutions; third, ascertaining facts pertinent to the loyalty and security of Federal employees and persons engaged on atomic energy and other confidential national-defense projects.

There has been a public misconception about the security work of the FBI. A misconception on the part of certain segments of the public, at least, is that the Bureau is solely responsible for the entire internal security of the United States. That, of course, is not a true picture. In the first place, the Bureau does not give clearances. I have outlined, I believe, to this committee in connection with the employment of persons in other branches of the

Government where names are submitted to the FBI either for a name check or investigation, that the FBI is a fact-gathering agency and specifically limits itself to the investigation without any recommendation or evaluation. If the Bureau were to function otherwise, we would be acting as investigator, judge, and jury. The Bureau constantly strives to protect the civil rights of individuals. Its operations are under such constant scrutiny that the FBI could never become what the Communists and their sympathizers like to refer to as the American "Gestapo." . . .

The Bureau is not alone responsible for the internal security of the country. I would like to point out that in the matters we handle, the decision to prosecute is that of the Department of Justice and not that of the FBI. We never make recommendations for prosecution or nolle prosequere. That is the responsibility of the officials of the main Department.

We are not responsible for the registration of subversive organizations. That is a responsibility of the Departmental officials. The decision for dealing with subversive aliens is the responsibility of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, not the FBI. Monitoring of foreign radio broadcasts is under the control of the FCC. The Department of Defense screens NATO personnel, handles plant protection, and designates key industrial facilities. Also, the Customs Service has certain responsibilities which enter into the field of internal security.

The FBI has the responsibility of investigating activities of subversive and Communist elements in this country. It has the responsibility for the investigation of espionage, sabotage, and related matters in this country.

I would like to point out to the committee that the principal Communist activity in the United States during the past year has been —

1. Its peace objective geared primarily to raising nationwide appeal for a settlement of the Korean war;
2. The recall of American troops from abroad;
3. A five-power peace pact, including Communist China;
4. The resumption of trade with the Iron Curtain countries.

The American people were called upon repeatedly to bombard the White House with the above demands.

That has been the principal goal of Communist propaganda efforts.

On the domestic front, the Communists have also directed their attention to urging repeal of the Smith Act, the Taft-Hartley law, and the Internal Security Act of 1950. They also have been enlisting aid for the so-called Smith Act victims on trial, denouncing the prosecution and carrying on an extensive campaign for arousing public sympathy and obtaining funds in their behalf. . . .

As you know, the Communist International or Comintern was established in March of 1919, with headquarters in Moscow. It was required that all decisions of the congresses of the Communist International as well as the decisions of its executive committee were to be binding on all parties affiliated with the Communist International. That included the Communist Party of the United States. In other words, they were to take orders and follow the dictates of Moscow.

In 1921, the Communist Party of the United States affiliated with the Communist International and became subservient to all of its decisions. That was carried out openly until 1940, when the passage of the Voorhis Act forced the Communist Party to withdraw, at least ostensibly. Otherwise the Communist Party would have been required to register as an organization subject to foreign control.

Practically, however, they continued and are still under the domi-

nation and control of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The advocacy of force and violence by the Communist Party is now a matter of judicial and Congressional determination.

As you will recall, over a number of years there was a lot of double-talk on the part of the Communists that they never advocated overthrow of the Government by force and violence, they insisting that they were completely a political party. This contention has been disproved by the results of various court cases and by hearings held by Congressional committees.

The largest membership of the Communist Party is concentrated on the east and west coasts and in the urban industrial centers.

The extent of potential dangerousness of the Communist Party, U. S. A., and its security threat to the nation should not be judged merely by the extent of its membership. It has a strong fifth-column strength. As open Party membership ebbs more and more, reliance is placed upon (1) underground leadership, (2) concealed members, (3) front groups, (4) fellow travelers, (5) Communist sympathizers, and (6) dupes. . . .

The discipline of the Party, as in the past, has been rigidly administered from the top by a small group of Communist Party functionaries who are fanatically devoted to the Communist cause.

The organizational apparatus of the Communist Party is directed through functionaries located in 30 districts throughout the United States. At the present time, only 6 of those 30 districts maintain an open district headquarters. The district organizations are further subdivided by State, county, city, section, and club.

A club unit is never in excess of five members, for security purposes. The members of one club unit are not known to the members of the other club units, for reasons of security.

They usually hold a national convention every two years. No open convention has been recently held but there have been meetings of the national committee or members of the national committee for the purpose of deciding upon policies for the underground and also policies for the above-ground operations. However, the national committee has been very seriously handicapped by the fact that we now have 9 members of the committee in prison and 2 in a fugitive status. One is too ill to stand trial although indicted, and the remaining member has been convicted under the Smith Act and is now out on bail awaiting the appeal of the case. That represents the present status of prosecutions of members of the national committee initiated over the last several years under the Smith Act.

Today, there are two types of Communist Party leadership: open

leadership comprised of people like William Z. Foster and a select group of others; and an underground leadership which actually has been assuming more and more authority and control to administer the entire Party in the event it is no longer feasible to continue in the open.

Through the perfection of the underground apparatus, the Party aims to preserve intact a hard core of militant Communists to carry out the aims and objectives of the international Communist movement under all forms of adversity.

SECURITY measures which the Communist Party have taken in order to thwart the efforts of the FBI have been many and detailed in character. No longer are Communist Party membership cards issued; maintenance of membership records is forbidden; contacts of rank and file members are limited from 3 to 5 — the basic club unit. Most of the local headquarters have been discontinued and Party records have been destroyed. No evening meetings are permitted in headquarters without staff members present. Conventions and large meetings are held to the absolute minimum. The use of the telephone and telegraph is avoided.

No contact is had with families or friends; contacts between functionaries are arranged through frequently changed intermediaries; false driver's licenses have been obtained; assumed names have been adopted; modification of physical appearance has been

effected, such as dyeing hair and eyebrows, as was done by a member of the national committee who was apprehended by agents of the FBI in a hideout in the high Sierras in California last August.

They have removed conspicuous means of personal identification such as moles; they have affected a new manner of walking, have changed their dress standards, have avoided old habits and even have avoided old vices, and have avoided appearance in public places where their recognition would be probable.

They communicate through couriers and avoid the use of written communications. They have instituted loyalty tests for all prospective underground personnel. They rotate the underground personnel to avoid detection. The underground staff is usually recruited from trusted Communist Party members, having at least 10 or 12 years' experience.

They appear outside of hideouts only at night.

They use different automobiles, and the cars frequently are registered in fictitious names and not names of Party members; the license plates are frequently changed.

They have used extreme precautions in regard to surveillance, making rapid and frequent changes of conveyances, entering and leaving subways and buses just before the doors close, and doubling back on their course.

I cite these various security measures not only because they are of

interest to the committee but to show the stealth of the American Communists. It again shows the increased difficulty with which we are faced in trying to handle these investigations.

The investigative burden in covering the Communist underground has been increased tremendously as is shown by the fact that where one agent was formerly needed for proper coverage, we now require as many as nine or ten by reason of their greater security consciousness in carrying out their conspirational activities. We have to change our surveillances more frequently by reason of their shifting of Party members.

ONE of the principal mediums for the attainment of the goal of the Communist Party is through Communist-front organizations. They serve as the media for the Communist Party, in a disguised manner, to exploit the masses to further its revolutionary aims and purposes. The fronts are being utilized in an ever-increasing degree for this particular purpose. Many of the fronts have proven to be the chief sources of recruitment for the Communist Party; they are excellent sources of revenue for raising funds for the Party.

All spheres of activity are exploited by the Party in its front organizations, such as youth groups, veterans' groups, civil-rights groups,

nationality and racial minority groups, press, radio, television, motion-picture industry, the cultural groups, political groups, peace organizations, and foreign-born groups. . . .

In regard to the infiltration of labor, the Communists regard labor unions as instruments to be controlled and used to develop the Communist revolution.

A national conference held in August of this year of the Communist Party reaffirmed the time-honored premise that control of the labor union is of primary importance to the development of the Communist revolution in this country.

They designated, particularly, the automobile industry as being the prime target because it is well known that it is one of the most vital industries to our national defense production.

In New York, the Party has set a goal for 65 per cent of its membership to become employed in the basic industries of the country. Instructions were issued for the reorganization of the Communist Party in Los Angeles recently to organize on an industrial basis and Party members were requested to secure work in the basic industries in that area, thus showing the trend of placing as many members as they can in the key industries of the country — the basic industries which if disrupted would materially affect our national defense.



# *England's Fabulous* **FOOTBALL POOLS**

BY RAYMOND VARELA

**A**LMOST every week, in Britain, some lucky stiff rubs his eyes, pinches himself, and takes a long second look at the check for \$200,000 which has just been presented to him by the representative of the "Pools" — one of the many forms of legalized gambling permitted in that country.

The lucky man — or woman — will be a person who has staked a mere ten cents on the betting coupon supplied by the football pools promoter.

Football pools had their origin in the seaport city of Liverpool, in Northwest England, in the early nineteen twenties. They are a form of betting much the same as the Pari-Mutuel betting on horse races in almost every country in the world. The broad principle of football pool betting is that, as opposed to fixed-price betting wherein a bookmaker

lays fixed odds to a client's bet, in pool betting the promoter draws a fixed percentage to recompense him for the time and labor involved in running the pool. The whole of the pool, representing the stakes received, is distributed among the winners in proportion to the amount of their stakes. The football pool promoter is not interested in the results of the events upon which his clients bet.

Many American servicemen who have lived in Britain will have some knowledge of English football — commonly called "soccer." Each Saturday afternoon, throughout the season which commences in August and goes through to April, some 80 teams play each other, up and down the country; and it is on the results of these matches that millions of

people bet with the pool promoters.

On Monday or Tuesday the mail

**Nº 78-642-828**

carriers' job is a tough one in Britain because these are the days on which the pool promoters send out their coupons. The coupons are made up of two sheets of squared paper that have lists of teams on the left-hand side of each sheet and give the "punter" (bettor) at least six bets on each pool. Pool One asks the client to pick ten results; they can be mixed up by the punter to include drawn games, "home" wins, or "away" wins. The more winners there are on any pool the less money there is to share, of course; but Pool One is almost certain to pay at least \$1,500 for a stake of ten cents. On most coupons put out by the "Big Three" pool promoters the second pool asks the punter to forecast six winning teams, while the third pool requires a lot more luck. The third pool is the one in which the bettor has to forecast the result of four "away" matches; and as this is always difficult to do, the prize money frequently reaches \$5,000, again for a ten cent outlay.

The really big money is won on what is called the Treble Chance Pool; in this the punter has to forecast eight drawn games. The chances of doing this successfully are many millions to one against, but each week one or more people do it and collect \$200,000. At one time, and until there was an outcry by the envious, the top prize on this pool ran to about \$300,000; but it was decided by the promoters to limit the prize to a maximum of

\$200,000 and put what money remained into the second, third, and fourth dividends (as pool winnings are known). Yet there is nothing but luck to prevent a punter from winning a second and third dividend, if he has staked enough money in the different columns that form part of the Treble Chance Pool. A dour young Scotsman, John Abernethy, did this a few months ago. He won the sterling equivalent of \$295,000 for an outlay of just one dollar!

THE average man's stake on football coupons each week is about 50 cents; but despite this modest figure the pool promoters have a turnover of some \$300,000,000 annually.

If you asked the average Englishman what was the most important thing in his life he would probably say, "Filling in my football coupon." In two out of three homes in Britain there is a football coupon filled out each week. The "Pools Fever" which now grips the entire nation has been growing in intensity and in proportion to the rising cost of living. As that cost continues to rise so do the millions of hopeful punters try to offset it by a lucky win.

It is a family affair, this pools betting. It is not conducted in an atmosphere of fear, or in shady back rooms, or with a watchful eye on the cop on the beat. There is not a strata of society that the football pool coupon does not enter. The millions



who participate consider the pools a harmless weekly pastime that *could* provide undreamt-of wealth.

The football pool promoters have, of course, been under fire by the busy-pokes to whom a bet is a cardinal sin. In the year 1934 the Betting and Lotteries Bill, as it was originally introduced to the British Parliament, meant the abolition of all "off the course" pool betting. But such was the public outcry that the Government of the day amended the bill so that when it became law in the form of an Act of Parliament it permitted the continuance of football pool betting as it had been previously conducted.

Thursday night in Britain is acknowledged by all as "Pools Night." On this evening even the ritual of having a drink at the local "pub" or talking politics in the club are forgotten. The entire family will gather around the table and offer their suggestions as to how the bets should go. To many it is a grim, life-or-death business that cannot be carried out unless there are bundles of football reference books and newspaper clippings giving details of past team and player performance littered about the table. For these determined people there is much pencil chewing and grunting. But for others it is a light-hearted task not to be taken too seriously.

**T**HE STORY of football pool betting in Britain is the story of Littlewoods, Ltd. Starting off in a

back room with a staff of two who were paid only when finances permitted, the enterprise has grown into a vast organization employing many thousands of people.

With so many glittering prizes at stake it is hardly to be wondered at that many sharp characters have tried to pull a fast one by slipping in a phoney coupon. Littlewoods have the answer to this. It is easier to get into Fort Knox than into one of the promoters' buildings. One of their precautions is taken with inward mail. Every letter received is passed through an embossing machine which marks with a secret code not only the envelope but the contents. It determines the exact time that the letter was received, and in case any bright individual thinks it possible to learn the code, the dies are changed often, sometimes daily.

Before reaching the pools clerks, the letters are slit open on a machine that shaves the edge off the envelope. The narrow shavings are carefully placed in a file cabinet for security reasons — a shaving from a letter could prove to be of vital evidence in the case of a dispute by a client.

When the sweepers clean up at night every piece of paper is sifted, and when the girls have taken out the money orders that accompany each coupon the coupons are locked in a number of huge safes that have a combination known only to the top security guards.

At 2:30 p.m. on the day of the football matches, a curtain of security falls on all pools buildings. From that time onwards nobody is allowed out of the plants, no telephone call is accepted, and not one girl can leave her place of work unless accompanied by a female security guard. None of the clerks who check the coupons has any knowledge of the results of the matches; this is the high price of eternal vigilance.

When the results are known the coupons are brought from the safes and put through a Recordak machine.

After this has been done the girls go home for the day. As a further security measure no girl knows when she goes home on Saturday whose coupons she will be marking on Monday. A clerk might decide to mark an incorrect coupon correctly for a friend on the "outside." Which coupons the clerks will check is only decided at the highest executive level, and all girls are moved about the pools buildings from week to week or from day to day.

**I**N VIEW of the fact that millions of clients have rarely handled what might be described as "big money," the football promoters run a Winners Advice Service. This provides the lucky winner with any financial advice he or she may require, such as investment or banking service. It was found necessary to set up this service because hundreds of lucky winners wasted their money

on the delights of the flesh — and bottle. The sudden acquisition of wealth has ruined many or sent them to premature death. Even the thought of winning has proved fatal to some. This happened a few months ago. A man who had been filling in football coupons for years found that he had an all-correct forecast, and naturally went down to the local "pub" to celebrate. He dropped dead in the tavern without ever knowing that that particular week the popular teams had all won, and consequently the dividend instead of being the \$200,000 he hoped for was only \$400.

A week prior to that tragedy, a youth who imagined he had won a first prize on the Treble Chance Pool committed suicide on learning that he had made a mistake in marking his coupon.

There are joys and sorrows in the pools, but that will not alter the fact that of all forms of betting allowed in Britain, football betting is a leader by many lengths.

But not all winners have such trouble as the parson who collected the top prize in the Treble Chance Pool. He found on receiving the \$200,000 that his bishop had asked for his resignation on the grounds that he had gambled, a dire sin in that bishop's eyes. The parson, who had hoped to use some of the money to build a new organ for his church, was virtually driven from his post by his congregation — some of whom were almost certainly pool bettors!

# *The Gambling Man* *from* GREECE

By RALPH DE TOLEDANO

HIS PARENTS named him Aristotle Socrates. This was a mistake, because he had the Midas touch. His parents were poor when he was born in a Smyrna slum. They were even poorer sixteen years later when they fled to the Greek mainland — a jump ahead of the marauding Turks. The boy's parents were happy that they had been able to escape Kemal Ataturk's slaughter, but Aristotle knew only that there wasn't enough bread to go around. And he realized that there wasn't likely to be enough for quite a while.

So Aristotle Socrates Onassis took himself off to Argentina, staked by the small coins of his relatives. He got there without the price of a steak in his threadbare pockets and took the first job he could — common laborer with the telephone company. Within a year he had learned Spanish and talked himself into a position with a Greek importer. Aristotle sold his fellow

Greek on the possibility of importing Near Eastern tobaccos. The gamble paid off, and in quick time Onassis had made enough money to go into business for himself. By the time he was nineteen, Aristotle had accumulated \$20,000, cutting a corner here and there in the process.

At twenty-five he had parlayed this into his first million — buying and selling tobacco, grains, hides, and anything which could be turned into a solid buck. He had also begun to develop the suavity necessary for a man of his growing importance. He dressed his short, husky frame in tailored clothes and took on the man-of-the-world manner which was to be so important to him in his later financial manipulations. It wasn't strange that the Greek government, which had refused citizenship to the Smyrna refugees, asked Onassis to negotiate a commercial treaty with Argentina, his adopted country.

The reward for a job well done

was an appointment as honorary Greek consul general in Buenos Aires, a business listening-post of incalculable value. Aristotle's affairs continued to thrive, despite the depression which had seized the world. As a matter of fact, Aristotle Socrates Onassis put the depression to work for him. Through his connections (and the consul generalship), he learned that a Canadian steamship company was selling its ocean-going freighters, constructed for \$2 million each, at "the price of a Rolls Royce." Onassis gambled \$120,000 and purchased six of them. He put two of them into operation, kept four of them tied up in the expectation that foreign trade would pick up. It did.

Within a pair of years, goods were moving across the seas again, the freighters were worth real money, and Onassis was launched on his biggest gamble and most fabulous venture — the high stakes business of world-wide shipping. When World War II broke out, there was a shortage of bottoms. The German U-boat campaign made that shortage desperate. And it also was a boon to independent shippers. Ancient freighters, when torpedoed, were suddenly converted into bright new insurance money. The ships that survived the submarines raked in money. The Midas touch was hardly necessary for shipowners.

**I**N 1946, Onassis consolidated. He married Tina Livanos, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the largest

shipowner in the British Empire. Tina was beautiful, but Aristotle's whirlwind romance combined love and shrewd business. Tina's sister was married to Stavros Niarchos, another expatriate Greek with large shipping interests. The Livanos-Onassis-Niarchos family couldn't quite corner the independent shipping business, but it was pretty close.

The end of the war presented another golden opportunity to Aristotle Socrates Onassis. The United States Government found itself with a lot of tankers which it no longer wanted and was willing to sell dirt cheap. Even at the price, though, there weren't too many takers. Tanker men were convinced that a drop in the oil traffic was in the works. Onassis was willing to gamble that it wasn't. Though the law was pretty clear that these surplus tankers could only go to American firms or individuals, there was a human element involved. Harry S. Truman's Washington was full of five-percenters and influence peddlers, and the U.S. Maritime Commission didn't seem to care about the exact nature of the dummy corporations which Onassis set up. At any rate, nine of the surplus tankers became the property of corporations which Onassis owned or controlled.

By the time the Senate began looking into these ship deals, Onassis had gathered unto himself the largest private fleet of tankers in the world. He was keeping foreign ship-

yards at work building him new ones. Registered in low-tax countries like Panama, Honduras, and Liberia, they helped make him one of the richest men in the world — with a fortune estimated at \$300 million. He had some 30 corporations and holding companies in his pocket and operated a great whaling fleet. Though he traveled some 100,000 miles a year, watching over his interests, he also maintained lavish homes in Paris, Montevideo, New York, and on the Riviera. He and his wife moved among the glitter of the International Set.

Early in 1953, Aristotle Socrates Onassis ran up against a blank wall. The old Winter Sporting Club in Monte Carlo was vacant; he needed it for a business headquarters, but the corporation which owned the Casino would not sell. Onassis was not deterred by this snub. Like a Walter Mitty come to life, he bought out the directors of the Société des Bains de Mer, won over Prince

Rainier III, sovereign of the tiny kingdom, by “finding” him a “bargain” in a 135-foot yacht, and took over the Société — gambling casino and all.

**B**UT last February, trouble caught up with Onassis. Following the prolonged Senate investigation of ship deals, a grand jury had been impaneled and handed up a sealed indictment. Onassis was in Europe when he learned that he was named therein, charged with conspiracy to defraud the U. S. Government. He returned voluntarily “to clear his name” and surrendered to a Washington court, insisting that no fraud was involved, that all his operations were aboveboard, and that the Maritime Commission had known all about his corporations. If the courts didn’t believe him, there would be a fat fine and maybe some years in the pokey. But like any good gambler, Aristotle Socrates Onassis was willing to take the chance.

### **When You Change Your Address**

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# **DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY**

**By HAROLD HELFER**

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- ✓ The Columbus, Ohio, marriage license office waived the five-day waiting period when James A. Mapes and Pearl C. Lapham applied for a license. "After all," stated the clerk, "when a man is 93 and his girl friend is 73, they've waited long enough."
- ✓ As a "break-the-ice gimmick," an insurance salesman in Ogden, Utah, went from door to door offering to sell \$1 bills for 65 cents. One lady refused to go for this exchange, though, declaring, "This very morning my husband told me that the dollar is only worth about 55 cents today."
- ✓ The U. S. Weather Bureau in Oklahoma City offered this interpretation of what a tornado was: A strong wind and a weak outhouse.
- ✓ The North Providence, Rhode Island, fire prevention bureau decided that all five of the town's fire stations were fire hazards.
- ✓ Little Rock, Arkansas, authorities went looking for a householder wanted for not paying his garbage collection fee. They finally found him — working in a city garbage collection crew.
- ✓ A Charleston, West Virginia, citizen discovered after a survey that the city street running alongside his property really belonged to him. So he promptly fenced off a 90-foot section of this street.
- ✓ When Portland, Indiana, authorities were considering daylight saving time, they received this warning from a citizen who sold honey: "My bees do not cooperate with daylight saving time."
- ✓ The University of Colorado is offering a course in "Common Sense."
- ✓ The year-old legal battle between Ruff, a collie, and the U. S. Post Office has finally come to an end, with the court ruling that the dog must be muzzled so that the mailmen could make deliveries to his owners. The family had declared that Ruff became surly only after a mailman squirted a water pistol in his face.
- ✓ Tax Collector P. E. Dickinson of San Antonio received this letter from a citizen: "Dear Sir: Enclosed are my unsigned check and poll tax applications for myself and wife. Neither has been signed because I want to be able to vote but not make my name available for jury duty."

# *Arms Smuggling*

## A DOUBLE STANDARD

By Karl Hess

WHEN it became apparent a few years ago that the State of Israel was going to be carved out of the Arab world with swords rather than pens, an entire section of the United States' legal machine suddenly slipped out of gear and whirled noiselessly in the background of events, not disturbing anyone. The suspended laws had to do with the various means of stopping people in this country from supplying arms and military aid to people in other countries.

There were places in New York City that operated openly as "arms bazaars." A man with guns to sell could sit there easily and dicker with a man with money with which to purchase. When a deal had been made, there were ships aplenty to covertly stow the stuff and take it away to the Israeli armed forces.

There was, of course, token sur-

veillance of this operation. But not much. Insofar as small arms, pistols, rifles, sub-machine guns, and machine guns were concerned, there just wasn't any trouble at all. The guns were to be had and could be shipped, despite the fact that an ordinary American who might want to ship a souvenir machine gun from Little Rock, Arkansas, to Tallahassee, Florida, would have found himself staring into the business end of enough law enforcement to bowl over the hardest racketeer. Some of the guns for Israel supposedly were stolen; some were surplus from a dozen wartime arsenals. Some apparently were hauled out of caches where they had been hidden since the heavily armed days of Prohibition. A few wrists were slapped for shipping the stuff. But such a slapped wrist often was displayed as a badge of courage.



Heavier equipment was a bit more difficult. It was "appropriated" in a number of cases; the way things are during a hot fight. There were some fighter planes taken from under the nose of the R.A.F. and flown from the British Isles to the airstrips of Palestine where pilots—some bought, some wonderfully patriotic—waited to fly them. Tanks were "appropriated," in the Mediterranean area, and so it went.

The big point is that it happened with the least possible interference from the United States Government. It was an open secret, proudly shared by many, and criticized by very few. Arab diplomats in this country knew exactly what was going on but, politely and wisely, pretended they didn't. They knew that such operations on their own behalf, however, would have met with swift official action.

And the point of that is not to judge or now criticize what happened then. It simply was a time when a very long and important legal arm was put in a sling and kept there until the shooting was all over.

When other attempts have been made to ship arms, privately, from this country to equip men fighting for freedom—and particularly against Communism—the laws have been gravely rigid and aimed in the most threatening manner possible at whomever might dare a transgression.

Why the double standard? Why

was one cause so right and all others so wrong? The answers may never come, involved as they are in areas of deep taboo. The strange fact is that the situation did exist. The tragic fact is that it didn't exist more often. For instance, there was China . . .

WHILE on the mainland receiving such unique U.S. aid as unarmed landing craft, the armies of Chiang Kai-shek desperately needed air support. With it, to a proper degree, many thought, the tide of war might have changed despite the disastrous delaying tactics of the Marshall mission. General Chennault was on hand and convinced that he could have turned the trick in the air. But there were no planes.

Some private citizens in this country undertook to help provide the matériel the Chinese needed. There was money for the purpose available. Chiang was not a charity patient. The problem was to find the needed matériel, particularly planes, and get them to China.

Left to the now admittedly Leftist-dominated State and Commerce Department sections concerned with shipments to China, nothing would have been sent. Officially that's just about what *did* get sent. Thus the private enterprise on Chiang's behalf.

A young and patriotic man named Irving Short was quite active. He's been dead now for several years.



And just after he died, in Tokyo, the then Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, possibly concerned with the affairs of his patriotic friend, Alger Hiss, characterized Irving, during a Congressional hearing, as a perpetrator of illegal acts, for having dared try to help Chiang. Acheson, of course, was correct. Some of Irving's activities had been illegal, possibly just as illegal as the widely countenanced delivery of aid to Israel.

These are the things Short tried to do — the illegal activities according to Dean Acheson. First, Short wanted to raise a volunteer force to help train Chiang's troops. (In the case of Israel, beside volunteers, there were some hardy pro's, but the difference when it comes to legality seems questionable.) When the Nationalists were pushed onto Formosa, the need for training personnel became most acute. Thousands of volunteers wrote offering their lives and fortune as word of Short's activity got around. I read all of those letters. They were from men, mostly veterans, sick to death of watching Chiang and freedom get kicked around. Many were officers and men on active duty with the United States Armed Forces. All wanted to serve, without any pay beyond subsistence, in an effort to liberate China from Communism. There was only one letter asking for real pay. It was sent from Canada. The applicant had just returned from Israel where, he pointed out, he

had been paid handsomely to fly fighters against the foot soldiers of the Arab world.

SHORT also wanted to help get the planes the Nationalists so desperately needed. There were items, too, like radar sets, small arms ammunition, spare parts for battle-worn equipment (much of which had been cast-off to begin with), and other sundries of war strangely omitted from official U.S.-China aid lists.

On the matter of volunteers, the State Department took a fearless stand: any who dare fight for Chiang would loose their citizenship.

Fighting there, then, was virtual treason by State Department definition. Fighting in the sand so far to the west in the Middle East, a few years later, was to be regarded as heroic and openly glorified on the air, on stage, and on the screen. There wasn't the vaguest taint about it.

Recently I have known other impatient and patriotic men who have felt that guns are needed to speak their piece in the arguments of this struggle for the world.

One of the Balkan countries, for instance, is teetering on the brink of open rebellion against Russia even today. There are those who know how to get weapons into the country, to whom to give them, and what to do with them then. They have absolutely no governmental connection whatsoever — quite the re-

verse. If captured they could be denounced, rightfully, and they would want it that way, without any pretense of help from this country. But no, the law is too rigid and too alert — now. Its Middle Eastern lapse is ended. The nap is over. To help now is bad. To help, once, was good.

Parts of Central and Latin America have been looked at, also, by patriotic men who have wanted to help, not with words alone, but with steel.

There is no reasonable question that there are daggers poised to strike at our backs from the Latin south. But those who would try to send a shield against those daggers, or even daggers that would be held in friendly hands, have met with the most rapid and effective opposition: they have been arrested.

The closest surveillance is maintained of anyone even mildly suspected of over-active sympathy with

the cause of freedom in Latin and South America. The spokesmen of the slavers are free to come and go, carrying with them what they will, while the proponents of the free are shackled even while they think.

Some men now are in jail because they felt deeply enough about the Red haze of Communism to try actively to do something about it — beyond speechifying. Many others will probably join them as the haze deepens.

It would not be America, really, if it did not produce men who suddenly tire of palaver and reach for the rifle on the wall, to use themselves or to hand to the underdog who needs it.

Perhaps, however, it would not be this latter day America either if it did not have such bewildering contradictions as presented in the double standard that has made some Americans "patriots," and others "arms smugglers."



» The least considerable man among us has an interest equal to the proudest nobleman, in the laws and constitution of his country, and is equally called upon to make a generous contribution in support of them; — whether it be the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.

— The Letters of Junius to  
the Printer of the Public Advertiser  
March 19, 1770



# *Who Owns the* ANTARCTIC CONTINENT?

By MORRISON COLLADAY



WHO OWNS the Antarctic Continent — Britain? France? Norway? Sweden? Belgium? Russia? Argentina? Chile? All of these nations claim it, or large parts of it, and most of them are prepared to fight the others for it rather than give up their claims.

Yet the real owner, if exploration counts for anything, is not letting out a peep.

And which country is that? Our own.

The actual discoverer of the Antarctic Continent was Nathaniel B. Palmer, the young captain of a whaling vessel from Stonington, Connecticut. He got his first glimpse of the land on November 18, 1820, and in the following January he explored the 450 miles of that part of the coast which lies directly south of Cape Horn.

In the next twenty years the Antarctic had various casual visitors from many nations, but the first

systematic exploration of the continent after Palmer's was made in 1839-40 by the United States Antarctic Expedition commanded by Charles Wilkes.

Though ostensibly a scientific project, the expedition was really sent out to help the whaling industry which at that time — before the discovery of petroleum — was as important in American economic life as the great oil companies are today. The best whaling territory was in the South Atlantic, South Pacific, and Antarctic Oceans. The whaling companies had for a number of years an active Washington lobby which tried to persuade Congress to send an expedition to the Antarctic to obtain navigational information that would be invaluable to them.

The Congressmen of the eighteenthirties were not enthusiastic about appropriating money for a scientific purpose. However, after the real object of the expedition was whispered

around, the lobby was able to bring enough pressure to bear to get the funds.

Congress afterward got cold feet and cut down the amount so that when the expedition sailed away in six old ships it was not well equipped as to stores. On the other hand, the scientific instruments provided were excellent and its personnel included nine of the greatest scientists of that day.

The position of commander was a political plum and many wondered why it was given to a young officer who apparently had little or no influence. Wilkes, a native of New York, was a nephew of the famous English radical, John Wilkes. He had entered the Navy as a midshipman and spent five years in the Mediterranean and the Pacific. In 1826 he was promoted to lieutenant and assigned to the Depot of Charts and Instruments in Washington.

The expedition sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, on August 8, 1838. Stops were made at Madeira, the Cape Verde Islands and Rio de Janeiro before rounding the Horn; then at Callao, Samoa and a number of other Pacific islands on the way to Australia. In December, 1839, the serious work of the expedition began when it sailed from Sydney for the Antarctic.

**W**ILKES was the first explorer to realize that a great continent surrounded the South Pole. He explored and mapped 1,500 miles

of the coast and took possession of the territory in the name of the United States.

His account of the voyage was published in six volumes in 1845, and the London Geographical Society awarded him its gold medal. (Many of his maps are still used.) There was every indication that he could rest on his laurels as a scientist and explorer. There was also every reason to believe that the United States would retain physical possession of at least that part of the Antarctic Continent with which Wilkes' name was connected. His position and influence probably would have guaranteed this as a matter of prestige.

The coming of the Civil War changed all that for the explorer and the country. Wilkes suddenly became a great popular war hero, and his work in the Antarctic was soon forgotten.

Still in the Navy, he was appointed to the command of the *U.S. San Jacinto*. While searching in West Indian waters for the Confederates' *Sumter* he encountered the British mail packet *Trent* in the Bahama Channel. The *Trent* was carrying two newly appointed Confederate commissioners to England and France.

Over the protests of the English captain, Wilkes removed the pair, James M. Mason and John Slidell, and their secretaries and carried them to New York as prisoners of war. From there they were sent to

Boston and confined in Fort Warren.

When it was learned what Wilkes had done, a wave of patriotic enthusiasm swept the North. He became a popular idol.

In the meantime the news of the capture of Mason and Slidell had reached England. The outraged British government prepared for an immediate declaration of war against the United States. It is generally believed only intervention by Albert, the Prince Consort, gave this country an opportunity to apologize for Wilkes' act and to release Mason and Slidell.

WHEN Wilkes lost interest in the Antarctic with the coming of the war, apparently the government did, too. Since his day our attitude, in contrast with those of the nations mentioned earlier, has been almost entirely negative. When an American expedition of 4,000 men under Admiral Byrd was sent to the Antarctic a few years ago, the admiral said, "This nation doesn't recognize any claims down there and hasn't made any claims."

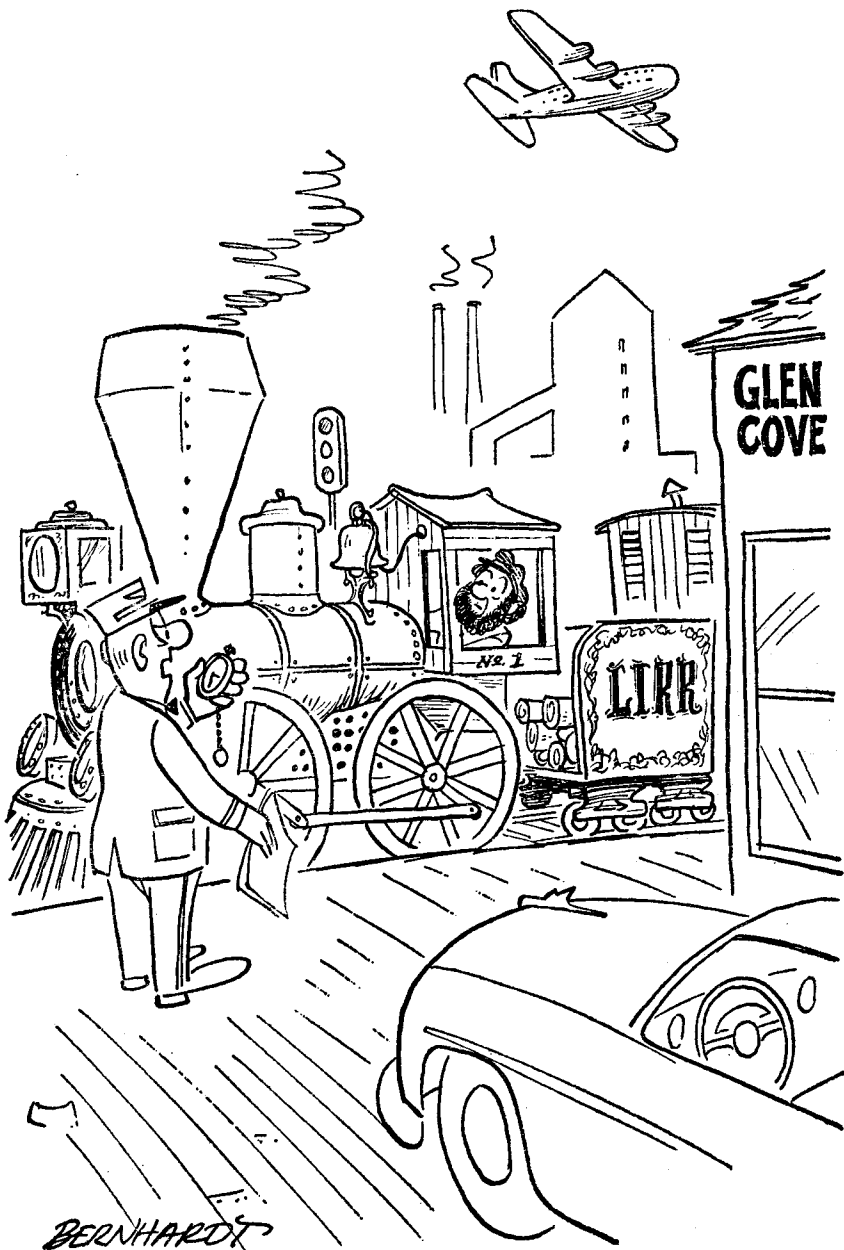
However, some American explorers have been more enterprising on their own responsibility. Lincoln Ellsworth explored a portion of the coast in 1939 and claimed 77,000 square miles for the United States. A recent expedition under Finne Ronne reported, "As a result of our work, an estimated total of 100,000 miles of new territory was explored for the first time and mapped in

the name of the United States."

The various nations with claims to the Antarctic Continent would be happier if the position of the United States were better defined.

Perhaps the United States intends at some time in the future to assert its claim to at least that part of the Antarctic Continent that American explorers have claimed in the name of their country. The future value of the land can hardly be overestimated. True, it is at the present time covered with an ice cap, but at least four times in the past it has had a subtropical climate. Today the ice cap is rapidly receding — it is 900 feet lower than it was a century ago. There is every indication of almost unimaginable mineral wealth in the Antarctic, including the greatest coal field in the world.

Not long ago Lieutenant Commander Lincoln Ellsworth, who probably knows as much about Antarctica as any man living, addressed the American Polar Society. "I am going back to the fogbound coast of James W. Ellsworth Land in Antarctica," he said. "I plan to build a permanent weather station there and include a group of young scientists to be replaced each year . . . I maintain that if the Antarctic Continent approximates the size of North America, why should it not contain all the resources of this great continent? What man needs he always has a way of getting . . . Antarctica today is a young man's land of opportunity."



"You're late!"



BY M. D. BELLAMY

# THE *Town* THAT BOUGHT A *Railroad*

THE eighteen-mile Alexander Railroad had been a faithful servant to the people of Taylorsville, North Carolina, for many years. Then one day in 1946, regretfully, perhaps, but with little warning, the Southern Railway System discontinued operation of the spur. That fateful day the townsfolk found themselves completely cut off, with no method of public transportation for themselves, and no

way of shipping their produce to market. And to make matters worse, two industries planning to locate plants in Taylorsville gave up the idea because of the lack of rail service.

Then the entire populace of the town, a little more than a thousand strong, undertook a single-purpose program. If no railroad system would agree to give them service, they would provide their own. They would buy a railroad!

The first step was to solicit subscriptions for stock to set up a company to buy the road. A group of ten enthusiastic townspeople carried out the job. They canvassed the eighteen-mile line. Mill owners and other businessmen listened and sympathized. More important, they shelled out hard cash — between \$75,000 and \$100,000.

With funds on hand, the new company negotiated with the Southern for the discontinued spur which boasted three stations along its right-of-way: Stony Point, Hiddenite and Taylorsville. The Southern agreed to turn over the line, complete with stations, immediately upon payment of \$50,000.

Big business proved that it has a heart. The Southern agreed to lend an old coal-burning locomotive for the run, until the fledgling line could manage to get an engine of its own. In addition, it further agreed to rent freight and mail cars to the new road. Thus, the necessity for a large investment of precious capital was delayed and the new company had a chance to start operating.

Dust was inches thick in the temporarily abandoned Taylorsville Depot. Again the townspeople turned to. A good cleaning sufficiently dressed up the station for a gala reopening. Taylorsvillians went to bed happy and contented that night. The chug of the old coal-burner was sweet music. Their railroad was running again and would continue to do so as long as they had anything to say about it.

And then came another great day for the new line. The owners heard about Junebug. It was love at first sight. Junebug is a sturdy little diesel engine. For several years, Junebug had done an admirable war job pushing and pulling freight cars around a shipyard. Now, the little engine is doing another great job. As a matter of fact, it became the "heart" of the struggling road. Industrious, economically, it clatters along carting freight, hauling mail, delivering express and passengers. For several months, Junebug and a converted mail-express car were the only pieces of rolling stock owned outright by the new company.

Stockholders in the new company number about a hundred, most of whom live in or near Taylorsville. The road itself is operated by ten men, their salaries constituting the bulk of the overhead. Three men make up a train crew; another three ride the line in an auto-motored repair car. It may seem hard to believe but you can never tell which of the three men is foreman of the gang. Whatever has to be done, including work with pick and shovel, is shared equally between the three. Each of the three stations claims the services of one man. This accounts for nine of the road's original ten employees.

THE TENTH of this energetic force is L. P. Zachary. The list of titles following his name is nothing less than imposing: secretary-treasurer, general manager, Taylorsville station agent, ticket agent, mail clerk, express office manager, freight agent and traffic manager. He manages to sandwich in two trips daily with the express delivery truck, too.

And that's the way a railroad is run, or maybe it would be better to say that's the way it's done when everybody in a town is all for running a railroad. Anyway, that's the way the new line has been operating and there is no let-up in enthusiasm by the townspeople. More important, at least from a financial standpoint, a tidy profit was reported to the stockholders when they finally held a meeting in the small waiting room of the Taylorsville Station.

# Bill Sudduth's



## Rewarding HOBBY

BY DEENA CLARK

THE young woman, wan and tired-looking, grasped the worn handle of her suitcase and made her way down the gangplank of the freighter that had brought her from Europe. Timidly she approached the waterfront policeman. In pronounced Latvian accents she spoke her first words in America, "Please, sir, where is Mr. Sudduth's apartment?"

It did not take her long to find it. Any New Yorker having anything to do with DP's knows the way to the Sudduth haven.

A tall, dark-eyed, 39-year-old, Mississippi-born William Sudduth is a one-man rescue and relief squad. His hobby is helping deserving young DP's get to America. Arranging scholarships and jobs for them, he sets them on the road to becoming productive American citizens.

He has managed to bring in 450 in less than six years. "Of the entire group," Bill says, "I have not had one single failure or disappointment." He advanced the passage

money for 42 of the DP's. Every one has paid him back, many with extra dollars to help a fellow DP still abroad. Those who are students are making brilliant records; graduates are enriching the United States with their skills as doctors, nurses, scientists, builders and social workers. "They are giving America much more than we have given them," says Bill Sudduth.

Bill's story shows what one ordinary — well, extraordinary — American can do. No million-dollar foundation backs him. He is just one man who has found a gratifying way to alleviate a small part of the world's suffering.

His keen desire to help others started on a gray day in 1945 when he stood before a little boy's crib in a bombed, partly deserted hospital in the U.S. Zone of Germany. The baby's eyes seemed to plead, "Please help me."

The child had club feet. His elbows and knees were huge knots in straw-like arms and legs. "Nobody knows who he is," said the nurse, "and nobody wants him."

"I want him," replied Bill. He took the child, who was perhaps 18

months old, home with him. He gave him a birthday, and gave him a name — David Sudduth. For a year and a half the best orthopedic surgeon in Heidelberg worked with him. The twisted feet became straight, the little body filled out, the terror-stricken look left the beautiful eyes. As Bill saw the miracle taking place, he determined to do what he could to rescue other innocent victims of war. He had only to look around him to see plenty of others who desperately needed help.

UNDER UNRRA, Bill had been appointed Director of Foreign Students when the University of Heidelberg reopened. He had been placed in charge of 400 young men and women of 17 different nationalities screened for their educational background and promise from 18,000 displaced persons. They were resuming their educational preparations for useful careers.

Bill came to know each student personally. He helped them set up their first student council. He saw to it that everybody in the five-to-a-room dormitories that housed the DP students took courses in American government and culture. He brought in visiting stateside lecturers and movie travelogues that helped answer their eternal query, "What is the United States really like?"

Bill listened to their troubles and helped them solve their problems

for two very successful years. Then UNRRA funds supporting the foreign students were cut off. Once more the possibilities for happy, normal lives were snatched from these talented young people.

Bill had to return to America. On the day he was to sail, his distressed students waited outside his office to say goodbye to the best friend they ever had. "I had little David by the hand," Bill recalls, "and when we came out, there was dead silence. I was so choked up I couldn't say much, so I just lifted David up and said, 'This boy is going to be an inspiration to me. He will remind me of this vow: I will never stop trying to help you get a new start in America.'"

Back in New York at his job as cruise manager for the American Express Company, Bill rearranged his whole life to keep his promise. He rented an apartment and furnished it with second-hand furniture to serve as a "student hostel" for the DP's he was determined to rescue. Somehow he would get scholarships for every one and give them a chance to continue their educations here.

SUDDUTH began his campaign by going to nearby Hackettstown, New Jersey. There he told the assembled student body of Centenary Junior College about his Heidelberg friends — true stories of dark nights of terror, bleak days of despair, and deep grief for loved ones lost forever.

Five minutes after Bill stepped down from the platform two seniors made their way to him. "We represent the student body," they said. "We want to 'adopt' a DP."

From photographs and records which Bill brought forth, they selected blonde, blue-eyed Asta Tamm. Asta had been only 14 when the Nazis invaded her native Estonia. Her father and mother had died under the cruelties of concentration camp. She was taken to Gotha and forced to work as a laundry maid in the household of a German general.

Bill wrote Asta the good news from Centenary and enclosed \$375 of his own money for her fare. When she stepped off the boat, Bill and three Centenary students met her with a crateful of campus clothes, some cosmetics and a check for "pin money," a new expression for Asta.

In her senior year, when Asta was awarded first prize at Centenary's annual art exhibit for her water color "Tulips," the whole student body cheered. The cheer was not only for her artistic talent, but for the gay and courageous way in which she had made the transition from forced laborer to student leader.

Bill meanwhile was working hard at finding more sponsors. A personable fellow with a slow, warm smile and an easy, natural Southern charm, his sincerity kindles instant enthusiasm for his cause. At Dartmouth he sold the students and trustees so solidly on his friends that the col-

lege pledged eight \$800 scholarships. Now, as soon as one DP graduates, Dartmouth takes another.

When Bill talked to the students at Mississippi State College, his alma mater, they asked to sponsor 13. At the University of Texas the fraternities, sororities and clubs assumed responsibility for eight. When Lois Mecham, a Texas Gamma Phi Beta, won a scholarship for being the outstanding student of government, she gave it to the DP sponsored by her sorority.

SUDDUTH's next problem was to get the DP's here. Refusing to let red tape strangle lives, he struggled through a maze of documents, photostatic copies of birth certificates, personality recommendations, transcripts of school credentials and notarized affidavits — all translated and in triplicate. Various church agencies helped him by certifying that his DP's would not become public charges. His assistant for two years at Heidelberg, Ruth Prager, was so imbued with the spirit that she stayed on in Germany, without salary, to help from overseas. She sent dossiers and photographs which Bill showed to potential sponsors. "Here's a tip-top student," he would say. "You'd be lucky to get him. All you have to do is sign for him, stating he won't be a public charge."

Congress passed a bill under which 15,000 DP's here on temporary visas — among them some of his students

— could apply for permanent residence. He arranged for others to come in on regular immigration quotas, under which they were eligible for citizenship after five years.

By the end of the first year, Bill's students were making good in more than 30 colleges, including Yale, Duke, Harvard and Colgate. They found jobs as part-time bakers, costume jewelry setters, hospital orderlies, salesmen. On every campus the Sudduth protégés proved to be such assets that each college has asked for more.

And no wonder, considering their caliber. Helene Senko, for example, is a Ukrainian girl who was seized by the Germans shortly after the beginning of the war and forced to work as a cook on a Nazi train. "For two years we never undressed," she recalls. "We lived in constant terror of bombing, as railroads were a prime target."

Helene knew almost no English when Bill brought her to this country. She found a job as a charwoman in the Empire State Building. "I cleaned 35 rooms on the 75th floor in the middle of the night," she says, "and every minute I was glad to be in America."

The plucky girl then became a chef's assistant at a Schrafft's restaurant, and studied English. She had been a graduate in chemistry at Heidelberg, and in a year's time here she renewed her credentials and earned a B.S. from the Newark College of Engineering. Now a research chem-

ist for Bristol Myers, she has presented two scholarly papers before national conventions.

**B**ILL first saw delicate, auburn-haired Natasha Koval inside a barbed-wire enclosure. Survivor of a Nazi concentration camp, the 13-year-old waif had used chunks of plaster and bits of charcoal to draw a make-believe piano keyboard on a dilapidated packing case. There she would sit for hours practicing scales. In spite of her youth, Bill enrolled her at Heidelberg as a special music student. At 15 she was guest soloist with the Heidelberg symphony orchestra.

Bringing Natasha to America, Sudduth arranged an audition with Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. In the middle of her first composition, Hanson rose and left the hall. Natasha burst into tears — until his assistant explained that the director had heard enough to recognize a rare talent. The scholarship was hers. Now completing her musical education at Juilliard in New York City, Natasha helps earn her way by giving concerts which have taken her as far as Detroit.

The father of Maryell and Pieter Von Hermann was a former German vice-consul to Amsterdam. Vigorously anti-Hitler, he was thrown into prison, his family scattered. When the brother and sister landed in New York they had \$2.32 between them. At a cafeteria that

noon they hesitated over each item, fearful of taking more than they could pay for. "We must really have looked like refugees," says the now smartly dressed Maryell, "for as we went down the line the proprietor came to us. 'Please,' he said, 'give us the pleasure of being our guests for your first meal in America.'" Maryell continues earnestly, "When something like that happens your first day, it really makes you feel a part of the country."

Bill had arranged a Dartmouth scholarship for Pieter. He has now graduated and is doing research toward a Ph.D. at Yale. A brilliant physicist, he worked last summer in the atomic research plant at Brookhaven, Long Island. Maryell took a fine-arts course at the University of Michigan, and now works at the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Nick Ryzen and his wife, Maria, were both medical students when their careers at Heidelberg were interrupted. Bill succeeded in getting them the passage money to the United States, but had trouble obtaining expensive medical scholarships. "Try just for Nick," Maria said. "It's more important for a man."

The young husband worked at a Nedick's orange-juice stand until a scholarship finally came for him from the medical school at the University of Tennessee. When Nick entered he knew only a few words of English. When he graduated,

speaking fluent English, he was number eight in his class.

Now he wanted "to do something for America and for Mr. Sudduth." Bill had come from Mississippi. Nick went there to work in a hospital. Bill had arranged a loan of \$1500 for him. Within a year Nick had paid off the debt and had given a contribution to Bill to help others as he had been helped. Nick left Mississippi to intern in the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, and is now staff physician at the Anoka State Hospital in Minnesota.

Maria worked her way through Memphis State College and obtained her Ph.D. in neuro-anatomy at the University of Minneapolis. Their careers show how the gate Bill opened swings both ways, benefiting the United States as well as the new citizens.

**T**WENTY-FIVE of Bill's charges have graduated as registered nurses. They are helping to fill an urgent need.

In addition to the college sponsorships, Bill obtained some from old friends. One night two 19-year-old arrivals knocked on his door seeking help. Bill thought of his home-town drugstore owner, James Hartness, and his wife. They had lost their only son in World War II. Bill picked up the telephone and called his friends in Starkville, Mississippi. "Do you need these boys?" he asked Mrs. Hartness. "They need you."

Bill says, "That was the best \$15

I ever spent in my whole life!"

The Hartnesses took the young men into their home, educated them and are as proud of them as if they were their own. Their Yugoslav "son" teaches agronomy at the University of Hawaii; his Russian "brother" was in service in Korea for three years and is now a chemist in New York.

Tall, blond Vilnis Sveics, 23, from Latvia, went to the home of the Earl Fortneys, Indiana florists, to take the place of a son killed in a B-17 bomber over Germany. Mr. Fortney said, "Our son would have wanted us to give some other young fellow a chance to live and prosper in this great land of ours."

"It was miraculous," declares Bill. "When Vilnis arrived, he looked almost exactly like Fortney. Seeing them together it is difficult to believe that they are not actually father and son."

Bill is proud of Gleb Momentov who worked his way through Louisiana State University and graduated with the highest honors in his class. And there is Igor Medvedev, who had a one-man show of his paintings at the Dudensing Galleries in Woodstock, Vermont. And Lithuanian Aldona Cekas, the youngest girl ever to enter Clark University, graduated with top honors and captured a language-teaching fellowship at Duke University — at 19!

The esteem of his protégés is Bill's highest reward. Almost daily he receives letters full of warmth and

gratitude. Again and again he is asked to give a bride away. "So many of my girls don't have fathers," he explains simply. "I am quite used to holding flower crowns over the curls of Ukrainian brides." He has lost track of the times he has been a godfather. "I think it is around 30," he says.

A magazine as far away as Japan has called Bill "The Savior of DP's." Irene Haas feels that the appellation is not an exaggeration. The first Jewish student admitted to postwar Heidelberg University, Irene came to the campus in vermin-infested clothes made of gunny sacks. On her bare arm was the blue number tattooed during the nightmare at Dachau. Irene and other slave laborers had been walked by armed guards to munitions factories at four every morning and forced to work until late at night, with little food. "I could not have lasted one more month," she says.

Bill rescued her from an overcrowded DP camp and she regained her health as a student at Heidelberg. In America, Irene graduated with a science degree from Hunter College and is now a bacteriologist in the food industry. At her wedding she linked her arm in Bill's and said to her new husband, "If it were not for this man I wouldn't be alive and here today."

SUDDUTH will never forget Mike Jurkowitz, whom he had helped to come to the United States. Mike



told him one day, "I want to do something for America." He volunteered for Army service and was sent to Europe. A stocky, gold-toothed man, always grinning from ear to ear, good-humored Mike was the most popular man in his company. It was a sad day for them when Sergeant Jurkowitz was killed in tank maneuvers.

When his papers were inspected, on the blank left for "Name of father," was written, "William Sudduth." Mike's Army insurance was designated for Bill, who used the \$2000 to help others start a new life here.

A visit to Bill's apartment, with its cluttered desk and piled trunks, reveals how his hobby is the guiding force in his life. There are always four or five students taking temporary refuge in the sparsely furnished rooms. They stay from three days to four months, and the apartment is "home" to them at Christmas and spring vacations. The doors are never locked. Bill himself does not have a key. "I've often come home and found every bed — including my own — filled," he says. "Then I quietly back out and go to a hotel."

Sudduth keeps the pantry stocked, pays the telephone and light bills. The students are housekeepers and contribute as they find work. Bill is far from wealthy, and almost half of his salary goes into his hobby.

"But what better investment can you make than in the life of a human being?"

To those who ask, "What can I do?" Bill answers: "More than you could imagine. Congress has recently passed an Emergency Immigration Act, lifting the barriers for 220,000 intelligent, worthwhile people abroad. Their one hope in life is a chance to prove that they will make trustworthy United States citizens. To obtain a visa they need a sponsor, someone who will agree to provide them with a job or a place to live or both."

Bill Sudduth uses his hobby to blot out the grim shadows cast by the swastika and the hammer-and-sickle. He knows that those shadows can be dispersed by the glow of the Stars and Stripes in the American sunlight. As one of his students wrote, "Before I received your scholarship my life was all yesterday. Now it is all tomorrow."

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*Anyone wanting to become a sponsor or to assist in obtaining scholarships for eligible students may write directly to William Sudduth at the newly organized Foundation for Foreign Students, 56 East 87th Street, New York 28; or write to Church World Service, 120 East 23rd Street, New York 10; National Catholic Welfare Conference, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 10; or National Lutheran Council Resettlement Service, 21 East 26th Street, New York 10.*



# Photography's New Role in War

By J. H. W. KERSTON

EVER SINCE the beginning of World War II we have become more and more aware of the military importance of photography. As a weapon of offensive warfare, photography ranks not merely as effective, but essential.

However, there is another aspect of equal importance. Photography is doing a vital job as a lifesaver — a guardian of the life, health, and effectiveness of the fighting man.

Upon induction, the recruit is at once shown the first of a series of carefully made training films on how to protect himself — from disease, from all his enemies (social or military), and from psychological dangers. As his training advances and becomes more specialized, he studies films which condition him for the shocks of actual combat in his particular branch of the service. Within the limits of sight and sound, these films pull no punches, thus preparing him for the shocks which, in action, might otherwise impair his effectiveness and endanger his life.

Even more specific are the films which show him what to expect of the weapons he uses, and how to protect himself in case they should be damaged. From that point on, it is a logical step to the films which explain life-preserving procedures if he should be lost at sea, in the

desert, in snow, in the jungle, or be faced with any other predicaments far removed from civilian experience.

From the purely medical angle, photography serves the fighting man in many ways that are vitally important. Most obvious, of course, are the several X-ray examinations which quickly reveal hidden defects to facilitate prompt, accurate diagnosis and surgery, while a man's life may hang in the balance.

To enable the fighting man to know, as completely as possible, his tactical objectives, so that he will not be lost or needlessly endangered, he is provided with all sorts of photographic guides, ranging from prewar snapshots made by globe-trotting tourists to last-minute aerial photographs, which are dropped on his transport or carrier during the radio silence preceding a landing. Pilots learn where the ack-ack installations are, and invasion troops find the emplacements to be avoided.

Admittedly, it would be impossible to enumerate all of photography's accomplishments in the services. But, it is good to reflect that much of that work is designed to make the rough going easier, and more effective, and to save millions of lives which might otherwise have to be sacrificed in the deadly business of war.

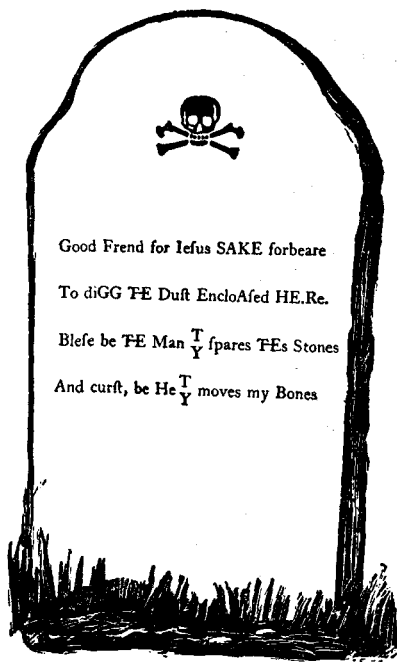
BY IB MELCHIOR

# Treasure Hunt, Anyone?

WHEN you have lost all, and the TV quizmaster jovially asks you, "Who wrote the *Works of William Shakespeare*?" — think twice before you answer. For over a hundred years certain Shakespearian scholars have striven to prove that the works of the Bard weren't written by him at all, but by that other great Elizabethan Englishman, Francis Bacon. As "proof positive," they have reached far and stretched hard to detect several "secret ciphers" concealed by Bacon when he allegedly wrote Shakespeare's works.

It remained for one Colonel George Fabyan, a U. S. Army cryptographer, to come up with the best case for the Baconian theory. He was attracted to the inscription on the tombstone over Shakespeare's grave, a strange one indeed.

It is easy to see why so many have



been certain that this strange inscription, reproduced above, conceals a secret message.

Now, Francis Bacon did invent a cipher called the Bacon Biliteral Cipher, using two different type fonts (roman and italic, for instance) in setting up a message, and assigning to each letter of the alphabet a certain combination of these two fonts.

Fabyan thought he detected the use of *three* different fonts in the tombstone inscription, forming a triliteral cipher as it were, and he decrypted the stone this way:

Fr. Bacon hazards one ciph'r in a ms within WMR

The colonel was a professional cryptographer, his methods were quite correct, but clearly there are too many drawbacks in the cipher method he thought he detected.

Is there really a secret message in the tombstone's mysterious inscription? And if so, what does it say?

These two questions intrigue me immensely. In 1942 I joined the O.S.S. under General "Wild Bill" Donovan. Part of the fabulous training I received in that organization prior to service in World War II included a thorough course in cryptography and cryptanalysis.

**C**IPHERS, in general, fall into three major classifications: concealment ciphers, in which the secret message is hidden in such a way as to pass without being suspect; transposition ciphers, wherein the true letters of the message are rearranged in a pattern agreed upon; and substitution ciphers, where the letters of the clear text are replaced with substitutes, or with cipher-symbols such as numerals, or syllables.

The substitution cipher was the one in use during the early seventeenth century. Often the Elizabethan cryptographer would employ more than one cipher. And he was strongly addicted to the liberal use of "nulls," extra letters added to the message just to confuse it.

And what about Elizabethan spelling? There simply was no uniformity. Shakespeare spelled his own name three or four different ways.

What message might he leave? It seems reasonable to suppose that it might have to do with his writing.

Assuming that the message does concern his plays, can anything be deduced from that? Shakespeare seems to have considered "Hamlet" his favorite play. His only son was named after the melancholy Dane, and it is a matter of record that Shakespeare's theatrical company performed in Elsinore, Denmark, in the very castle Shakespeare made Hamlet's home. So, since assumption is always necessary at the start of cryptanalysis, let us make *Hamlet* our probable key word.

And now back to the tombstone.

I was struck by the seemingly haphazard use of capital and lower case letters. By separating these two types of letters into groups and writing down the number of letters contained in each group consecutively — first 1 capital, then 3 lower case letters, then 1 capital, 7 lower case and so on — I arrived at the following series of numbers:

1-3-1-7-1-4-4-8  
1-3-6-3-1-4-1-3-3-1  
1-6-4-2-2-6-3-1-1-5  
1-9-1-1-2-7-1-4

A big step had been taken. The cipher was no longer concealed. The problem was now merely to decrypt a simple substitution.

One of the most useful tools of the cryptanalyst is his collection of frequency tables. Of the 36 units in my cryptogram the number 1 was

represented 14 times. Since in the English language the letter E is by far the first letter on the frequency scale, I thought it safe to assign #1 the letter E.

Fitting the probable word *Hamlet* into the cryptogram required finding a series of six different numerals in succession, the fifth being #1 for E. I found only one such place, for five different numbers with the number 1 doubled.

I consulted my history books and learned that Prince Hamlet actually lived in Denmark around the year 600 A.D. But his real name, as set down by the historian Saxo Grammaticus, was *Amlet*!

Now I could fit my first word into the cryptogram like this:

Cryptogram: 2-6-3-1-1-5  
Clear Text: A M L E E T

One E was a null. And now I began constructing the alphabet:

Cryptogram: -1-2-3-4-5-  
Clear Text: -E A L \* T  
6-7-8-9  
M \* \* \*

And now to write the known letters into the cryptogram from the beginning.

Cryptogram: 1-3-1-7-1-  
Clear Text: E L E \* E  
4-4-8-1  
\* \* \* E

The word almost jumped at me. Give appropriate values to three more numbers—#7=S, #4=N, #8=R—and you have the word ELE-SENNRE, or allowing for nulls,

period spelling and the limitations of the concealment device, ELE-SENNORE. And Hamlet's home was the castle of Elsinore!

It seemed almost certain that I was on the right track, especially when the last two words deciphered to *Amleet edeeasen*—interpreted as "Hamlet edition."

I RETURNED to the original inscription again and noticed that one part which turned out nonsense stood between the two peculiarly combined THE words. The third time the combination of "the" was used was in the word "these." It seemed highly probable that an alphabet change had been employed using the THE combination to signify the beginning and the end of the second alphabet. Assuming that the THE's were change symbols, I had to revise the cryptogram in the two places where they occurred.

Thus I got:

1st place: ---3-2-symbol-  
2nd place: ---1-6-symbol-  
1-3---  
1-2---

This, then, meant that the word *Elesenore* was followed by the letters LA from alphabet #1, and the word *Amlet* preceded by the letters EA.

Attacking the problem of constructing alphabet #2, I decided to keep #1 as E since it again was highest in the frequency count, and probably therefore represented the constant. Fitting my second alphabet group in between the two new

letter pairs LA and EA, I then got:

Cryptogram: - - 1 - 3 - 1 - 4 -  
 Clear Text: L A E \* E \*  
 1 - 3 - 3 - 1 - 1 - 6 - -  
 E \* \* E E \* E A

The first word could be the Elizabethan LAEDE or *laid*, which gave me D for #3 in the second alphabet, and tantalized me with the message: "Elsinore laid (something) (something) Hamlet edition."

The cipher group following *laede* reads:

Cryptogram: 4 - 1 - 3 - 3 - 1 -  
 Clear Text: \* E D D E  
 1 - 6 - -  
 E \* E A

Two doubles were a little too much of a good thing, so I split the double E making the word \*EDDE.

Time once more to consult the original inscription, and I found that the group of letters representing the second D in this word was made up of the three capitals of the word HE.Re at the end of the second line. One fact had already puzzled me here. There was a wholly unmotivated period sign after HE in the middle of the word.

Could this mean a change of the letter value or a split of the group of 3 to 2 - 1?

IT IS RECORDED that in the dungeons of Elsinore Castle there was a torture cell called The Wedge. So let's call #4:W and change the 3 (HE.R) group to 2 - 1 and call #2:G. Our second alphabet now looks like this:

Cryptogram: 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6  
 2nd alphabet: E G? D W \* \*

The scrambled alphabet for which I had to find the key began: E A L N T M S R D, etc. How about a little couplet of the kind the Bard was so fond of using throughout his plays:

Ea. lent lett men's redeemer,  
 Gyve flaithe to every dreamer.

This would give us the scrambled alphabet: E A L N T M S R D G Y V F I H O B C, etc. It's not necessarily the key used — but it serves just as well.

Finally deciphering the entire cryptogram, using the indicated alphabet change, the clear message reads:

ELESENRE LAEDE WEDGE  
 EERE AAMLEET EDEEASEN

Take away the obvious nulls — all of them double letters to make a mistake impossible — modernize the Elizabethan, phonetic spelling and language, and you read:

*Elsinore. Laid (in) wedge first Hamlet Edition.*

When this decipherment was finished it was examined by America's foremost cryptographer and cryptanalyst, the late architect Rosario Candela. Said Mr. Candela to me:

"The only way you can prove this *wrong* is by going to Elsinore castle and *not* finding the manuscript!"

Treasure hunt, anyone?

• BY HARRY THOMPSON •

# *That's the Way They Train 'Em*

THERE wasn't anything sensational about the work of these two probationary policemen — nothing but the fact that both were just one day short of having completed their first month as rookies in the New York Police Academy!

This institution, founded in 1924, is known the world over. Many key police administrators from all over the United States, and from foreign countries, have availed themselves of its facilities. Even England's famous Scotland Yard has sent some men to New York for special training.

The Academy establishes new courses in all branches of police work as the need arises, with the needs of the New York Police Department the chief consideration, of course. In-service courses are given on all levels to keep members of the Department abreast of new developments in specialized fields.

NEWS ITEM: Thirty persons were routed from their blazing home early today by a heroic probationary policeman who collapsed after carrying out an elderly woman and a baby. The woman and child were overcome by smoke, as was the patrolman. The patrolman, on his way home, noticed the smoke and dashed into the smoke-filled building. He ran from floor to floor, banging doors and arousing the tenants. On the fourth floor he found a 65-year-old woman groping her way through the fire. In another room he found an 18-month-old baby. Carrying the aged woman under one arm and the baby under the other, he made his way through fire and smoke to the street . . .

NEWS ITEM: Hanging onto a hook in the jolting uptown Lexington Avenue subway, a probationary patrolman was wondering when he would get his first "break" as a cop. He was in civilian clothing and on his way home. He got off at his station and, because it was a warm night, walked leisurely. He noticed two men loitering in front of a store in East 225th Street, and a third man walking from the opposite side of the street to join them. The rookie drew his revolver and ordered the three to line up, hands high, against a plate glass window. A bulging pocket on the man who had just walked across the street proved to be the cash loot from a shoe store into which they had just broken. The three men confessed and their confessions led to other arrests and the solution of more than two score of important burglaries . . .

But how did our two hero rookies get into the Police Academy, an institution rated second to the best anywhere? What were the preliminaries to becoming one of New York

City's "Finest"? Not too simple!

With \$2 in his pants to pay the filing fee for a Civil Service examination, the prospective rookie faces rigid physical, medical, and mental tests. He must have with him proof of character. He must stand not less than 5-feet-8 in his bare feet, be between the ages of 21 and 29, have 20/20 vision without glasses, be a U.S. citizen and a resident of New York City for three years.

Those who pass the examinations are certified to the Police Department and remain on the waiting list until more men are needed. Then comes the call and they are sworn in, briefed, addressed, and assigned to the Academy.

A softie won't linger long in the Academy. It's a rough, tough school. The rookies are taught boxing, wrestling, Judo, swimming; and it is not uncommon for a recruit to come up with a busted jaw, or a broken arm or leg.

During the course of mental instruction he is not only taught Federal and state laws and city ordinances and traffic direction, but is taken on visits to courts, hospitals, morgues, and other places with which he is likely to come in contact.

Then, at the end of three months, if he makes the grade, he puts on a uniform and is assigned to duty.

HE'S NOW a man in blue, one of the "Finest," on duty 24 hours a day, facing sudden death every minute of every one of those hours

in the interest of his fellow citizens. He's a grand guy and everyone but the crooks and thieves, who hate his guts, loves him. But it would not be fair to wind up this piece at this point. It should be pointed out that the probationary patrolman is paid a paltry \$3780 a year — *less than the pay of a good soda jerker.*

From the day he puts \$2 on the line for his examination filing fee, he's in hock. He must buy his training uniform, a revolver, ammunition, night stick, handcuffs and, when he is eventually certified for duty, three sets of uniforms, and overcoat. These cost him about \$350 and because few of the rookies have that kind of money, he borrows it from a fund set up by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which he pays back in monthly installments — and clothing doesn't last forever. He pays \$370 a year (minimum) to the Pension Fund; \$1.50 a month dues to the PBA; and \$1.50 a month for soap and linens used in his precinct station. His take-home pay has been estimated at \$55 a week. That isn't all, either. He has to keep his shoes shined and his uniform pressed. If a cop runs into a snafu on regulations, including forgetting to polish his shoes, he faces a Departmental trial at which he could be fined a half-day's pay or given a 30-day suspension.

Sure, he pounds the pavements for peanuts, and if he gets into a gun battle, he has to pay for his own bullets!



# Letters to the Editor

» I have enjoyed reading the fine articles in your magazine and have been impressed with the spirit of true Americanism exemplified in the many fine authors whose articles you have presented.

PAUL BARNETT  
Greeley, Colorado

» The MERCURY is the most informative, hard-hitting magazine on the stands today. I would say, to be better informed on what Communists have done and are doing, read the MERCURY.

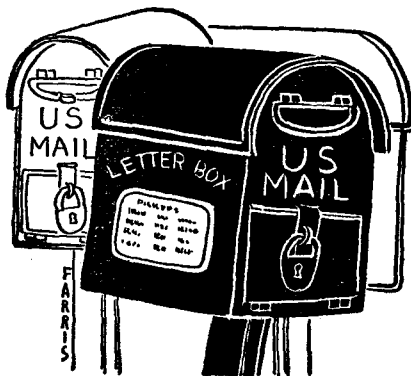
SUSAN COPE  
Decatur, Georgia

» I consider John T. Flynn's article, "What Is Joe McCarthy Really Trying to Do?", the best article, considering breadth of coverage and brevity, that has come to my attention as yet.

Your magazine should be read by every American citizen with full appreciation of the veracity and qualifications of the writers who are doing such a splendid job of exposing the ones who would destroy our Constitutional Government and the dupes who carry the torch for them through obstruction and vilification of everyone actively opposing the betrayers of our country. More power and success to you.

H. W. BIEHL  
Peoria, Illinois

» The MERCURY is one magazine patriotic Americans can turn to these



days and still find hope and inspiration. Keep up the good work!

WARREN ZIMMERMAN  
Lawrence, Kansas

» We in our family think quite a bit of your fine magazine. We approve entirely of the articles printed and the views of their authors. Keep up the good work in bringing to the American people the unbiased truth.

KEVIN COUGHLIN  
Davenport, Iowa

» What a wonderful discovery you have made! Nearly all actors, writers, pastors of the Protestant Faith, members of the Democratic Party and now the foremost scientists are Communists.

If that is true, what does it leave you? Shepherding a fold of morons, according to your own writings.

Oh, for the life of a MERCURY editor. Must have to fight himself a good part of the time.

Except for the MERCURY I wouldn't have known that there were that many.

Congratulations.

S. M. DREWS  
Rockford, Illinois

» I think your work of defending anti-Communists and thereby our country is tremendous. May God bless you to continue such an important job.

DR. WALTER X. LEHMANN  
Wilton, Connecticut

» I have just lately been buying the AMERICAN MERCURY. I think it is a wonderful magazine for thinking Americans!

GLADYS M. FISHER  
Los Angeles, California

» I wish America's top magazine in the politico-economic field continued success!

MICHAEL J. CANNULI  
Reading, Pennsylvania

» Allow me to compliment you on the article about Caxton of the Rockies. It was well written, easily digestible, and very true.

I like your articles on public characters, no matter whether you are for or "agin 'em."

TOM L. GIBSON  
Jackson, Mississippi

» The AMERICAN MERCURY has been such a help to me in my work among young people. I pass each issue on to a minister when through with it, and he too is most grateful. . . . I think you are doing a very important work, and

in the words of the Bible have been "brought to the Kingdom for just such a time as this."

E. L. BEHRENS  
Los Angeles, California

» Just a line to congratulate you. . . . The articles exposing the blunders of the "New Deal and RAW Deal" are just what we need. Also, we Americans still need more exposing of the Reds in our midst, especially those in influential jobs, hold-overs from the Truman administration.

The Raw Dealers raise a big squawk when their blunders are exposed, yet they were using worse language themselves in previous campaigns. That was all right, but when the cards are against them, they can't take it.

I hope you will also expose the *leaders* of labor unions who are opposed to allowing a fair, free vote by union *members* before a strike.

A. G. DOBBINS  
Wheaton, Illinois

» People who write letters to the editor are a damned nuisance. I usually keep the urge under control, but on rare occasions the thermostat sticks.

It had been years since I read the MERCURY until a few months back. I was in a hospital at the time and a friend brought a few copies. I have never missed one since.

ERNEST RIPPETOE  
Effingham, Illinois

» Keep up the good work. You have a wonderful magazine — and how America needs you just now!

LEONORA SHANNON  
New York City



# *The Untold Story of Short Creek*

BY JAMES CARY

THE COURTROOM was tense. This was the crisis. The lean, leathery men, hands thrust nervously into pockets or clasped behind their backs, listened intently as the judge read his statement. As if from a great distance they heard him conclude . . .

"For these reasons I am suspending imposition of sentence."

It was all over and the 26 leaders of the Short Creek polygamy cult had been set free, just as had the 69 other adult members of the group against whom charges were dismissed a week earlier.

With that action the strange tale of these excommunicated Mormon fundamentalists seemed to have come to a dramatic ending. In one sense it had, but oddly, this last chapter was written in the public mind with half of the main text still missing. The real case against the polygamists—the basic thinking behind the State of Arizona's 1953 raid on their dusty little village—has never been fully presented. I would like to state it. For I was a

reporter with the police column that descended on that town astride the Arizona-Utah border in the black pre-dawn of that July morning.

I spent hours talking to these people. I pored over their records and literature for months. I learned that women were considered inferior beings and were virtual prisoners; that children were to be propagated in the greatest numbers possible, conquered, indoctrinated and turned loose to carry on the faith; that marriage was an institution stripped of courting and all rights of free choice as far as the female is concerned; and religion was a procedure handed down directly from God to the Short Creek patriarchs with some very strange tailoring to meet their needs.

To begin with, in 1890, Wilford Woodruff, then president of the Mormon Church, issued his manifesto outlawing the practice of taking multiple wives. Many Mormons refused to accept that ruling. Some drifted south into southern Utah

and the Arizona Strip, that vast wilderness cut off from the rest of Arizona by the Grand Canyon. Other little groups clotted together in Idaho, Wyoming, Mexico and Canada. The ones we are interested in assembled at Lees Ferry, Arizona, but under increasing pressure from local authorities moved out in 1933.

THEY settled at Short Creek, a Shangri-La-like village located in an area sometimes called America's Tibet. There, in isolation, they founded the cornerstone of a polygamous movement that was supposed to sweep over the earth and bring the daughters of its critics crawling to its doorstep, begging to be taken into the fold. And there the State of Arizona began 26 months of cloak-and-dagger investigation in 1951. It built a case against the cult showing that some of the men had taken as many as six wives, some girls had married as young as 12 and 13, and one at the age of 11, that men had swapped daughters for marital purposes and taken other men's wives.

When the raid was finally staged, virtually every man, woman and child was seized. The adults were charged with conspiracy to commit the crimes of statutory rape, bigamy, contributing to the delinquency of minors, marrying the spouse of another, and open and notorious cohabitation. All but the final count were dropped before the wind-up in court. Immediately after the raid Arizona's Governor Howard Pyle

went on the air and charged in a radio address that Short Creek girls were being held in "white slavery."

Very few persons reared in Short Creek ever left for good. And the State of Arizona maintains that from 1942 until the state's 1953 crack-down none of the girls had gotten away. How could they? Their first taskmaster was their mother, whose duties were clearly outlined in a set of directives known as "Rules of Family Conduct," drawn up by the leaders of the colony. Rule 18 directs each mother to correct her child "until she conquers it" and brings it under "the most perfect subjection."

Next, a child had to give unquestioning obedience to his father, for from the cultists' point of view the father ruled with virtually the same "divine rights" that monarchs claimed some four to five centuries ago. In fact, Rule 11 calls this centralization of absolute authority the "divine order of family government."

And finally, if the child was a girl, she had to obey simply because men were considered superior beings. The polygamists apparently believed the male is endowed with a deeper form of wisdom that requires him to act as lord and master.

There were several ways a marriage could come about in Short Creek, but none of them involved the normal processes of dating, courting, wooing and winning found elsewhere in the nation. A girl's parents frequently made such decisions. They reached an agreement

when the daughter was but a child that she would marry a certain man in the community. Little girls before they were ten were often heard talking of their assignment to a particular man.

THE agreement by parents could take other forms, too. The State charged that about 1945 two of the leaders of the community decided to swap daughters. The older man, then in his sixties, took the 12-year-old daughter of a younger man and married her. The other man accepted the 15-year-old daughter of the older man in his house and married her.

But probably the most classic case of all was that of a 17-year-old girl we will call Mary Jones. Her parents decided she should marry a 70-year-old patriarch of the town who already had five other wives. But for once there was resistance. The girl had ideas of her own.

"I absolutely refused," she told an investigator for the State. "They finally gave me a second choice of marrying a 45-year-old man. It was hopeless. I gave up. I was his third wife."

There was still at least one other way for a marriage to come about — through the wives of a polygamist. They could recruit new mates for their husband, with the elder wife having a great deal to say about the selection.

A unique and secret role in the marriage program was assigned to

the Church. How it operated was one of the closely guarded secrets of the community, but it seemed to be at least partially responsible for the strange fact that so many young girls married old men, while the young men had to go outside the community to get a wife.

Through its power to approve or disapprove of a proposed union — and no properly brought up Short Creeker would ever disobey the Church — it could largely determine who would marry whom. Such a system, in the hands of the Church leaders who were all well along in years, was certain to work against the younger men.

Despite the exceptional case of our Mary Jones, the girls seldom objected. If the leaders of the Church, who were supposed to be the personal representatives of God, said a marriage was right — well, it was right.

These fundamentalists had developed what they called a "God-head" that traced a line of direct descent from God to the leaders of their church. Their religious texts show God at the pinnacle of this pyramid. Then comes Adam, then Jesus of Nazareth, then Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church, and such early Mormon leaders as Brigham Young, John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff.

After that, the line suddenly deserts the Mormon Church and picks up with the leaders of the Short Creek deviationists. In order,

they have been John W. Wooley, Lorin C. Wooley, J. Leslie Broadbent, John Y. Barlow, Joseph W. Musser and now Guy Musser, his son.

Most of the Short Creek polygamists justified their addiction to plural marriage by pointing out that such Biblical figures as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David and Solomon all had multiple wives, and by citing the revelation to Joseph Smith that directed him to institute the practice.

But an early writer for the polygamists, Orson Hyde, went even further than this. He claimed that Christ himself was a polygamist. In Chapter 8 of *Celestial or Plural Marriage*, a textbook used in Short Creek Sunday school classes, he states in part: "Christ was married at Cana of Galilee . . . Mary, Martha and others were his wives and he begat children." Not satisfied with this neat bit of blasphemy, Hyde contended further that, after all, Jesus was only following the command of the Scriptures "to multiply and replenish the earth," and adds: "For even the Father Himself honored that law by coming down to Mary, without a natural body, and begetting a son; and if Jesus begat children he only did that which he had seen his Father do."

This is not the only tortuous twist placed on the teachings of Christianity. The Short Creek Sunday school text carries a long dissertation on how "world" or ordinary poly-

amy differs from their form of "celestial" polygamy.

In Chapter 23 it is contended that in the case of "world" polygamy "the parties are sealed for time only; at their death the marriage relation ends." At death it ceases to be binding. But in the case of "celestial" polygamy "the parties are sealed . . . for both time and eternity." This was termed "eternal marriage," while the other was "for mortal life only."

That makes a pretty story, but it didn't stack up so well in practice. It is a little difficult to understand how the Short Creek patriarchs could square this tenet with the alacrity with which wives were snapped up when a husband died.

For they also believed that the practice of having as many children as possible as fast as possible was one of the most sacred of religious duties. Parents were taught that in the after-life they will enter into the order of the gods and rule as kings and queens over their posterity.

**B**UT what about the children? What kind of deal did they get out of such goings-on? It would be most unfair not to admit quickly that they were loved by their parents — particularly after their spirit had been broken — and that in most respects they were treated about as well as the all-pervading poverty of the area permitted.

Life was a constant struggle and the children showed it. Many were

dressed in rags. They were forced to work in agricultural fields and orchards at a very young age. And they missed many weeks of school when their parents contracted to harvest farmers' crops to help support the community. Furthermore, most of the children learned the facts of life early. They lived in small, ramshackle homes with paper thin partitions.

But the kids probably took their worst beating from the school provided for them. They weren't allowed to go to public schools elsewhere. They had to attend the classes, such as they were, that were taught by their own four teachers, three of whom were polygamists. If they missed two weeks in the middle of a term to go to Idaho to pick potatoes, or into southern Utah to pick peaches, it didn't make much difference, because those left behind weren't accomplishing much anyway.

The Short Creek school ostensibly went as far as the eighth grade. If a youngster wanted to go further, he could take correspondence courses on the high school level. And if he wanted to go to college . . . well, very few did, so why worry about it? After all, they had families to raise.

Tragedy dogged every step of the Short Creek cultists, and it is easy to understand why there have been so many expressions of sympathy for

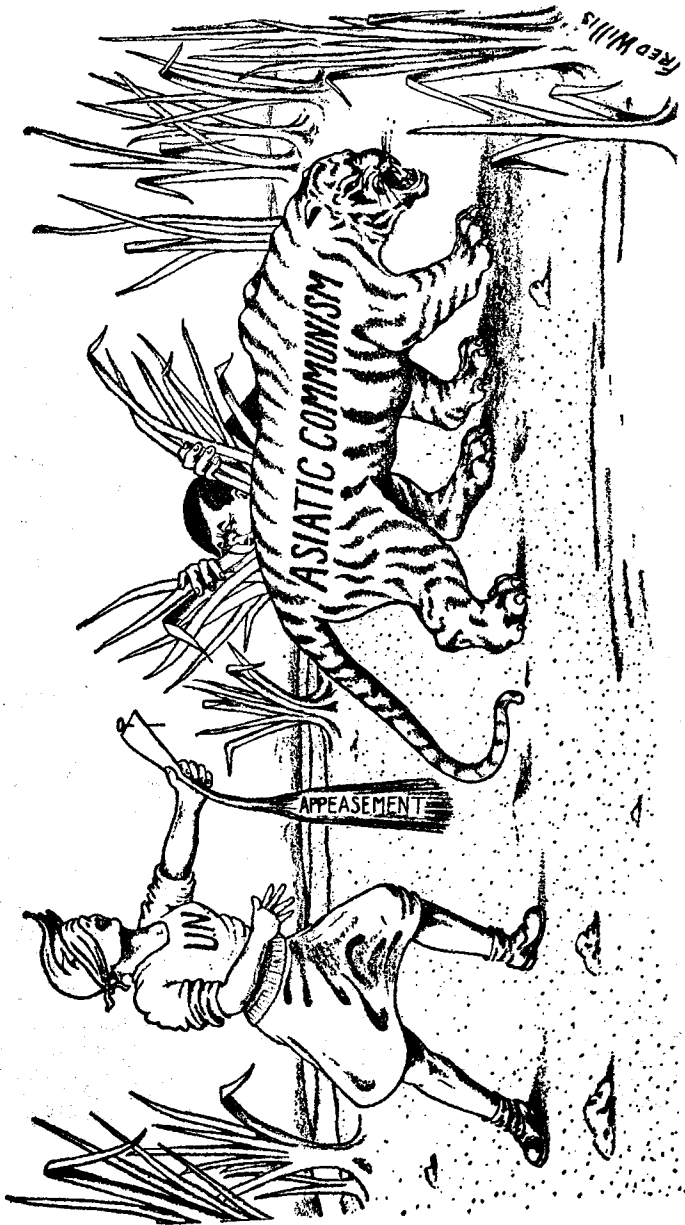
these people: their families split asunder by the State of Arizona; the pitiful, swarming broods of children transplanted to other Arizona communities, where, under the care of their own mothers, they have been placed in private homes and are attending public schools.

Finally, the State of Arizona had to act. It was not out to bully a tiny group of fanatics simply for the sake of political publicity, as some have charged, but to stamp out forever a system that would have been a credit to Satan himself.

THE STATE is in line for some severe criticism, rightly enough, but not because of its recent action. It should be condemned for ever letting the cultists get such a foothold. Mohave County tried to break up the fundamentalists in 1935, and the FBI and State of Utah again in 1944, but neither attempt was a very thorough effort.

Had Arizona acted with as much vigor 18 years ago as it did in 1953 — and it well knew that polygamy was being practiced at Short Creek that early — there would have been only a handful of persons involved in the tragic mess. Now there are 372 lives deeply snarled in the recent court rulings which have broken up families, forbidden that the children ever be taken back to Short Creek, and made it a deserted village, populated principally by lonely men.



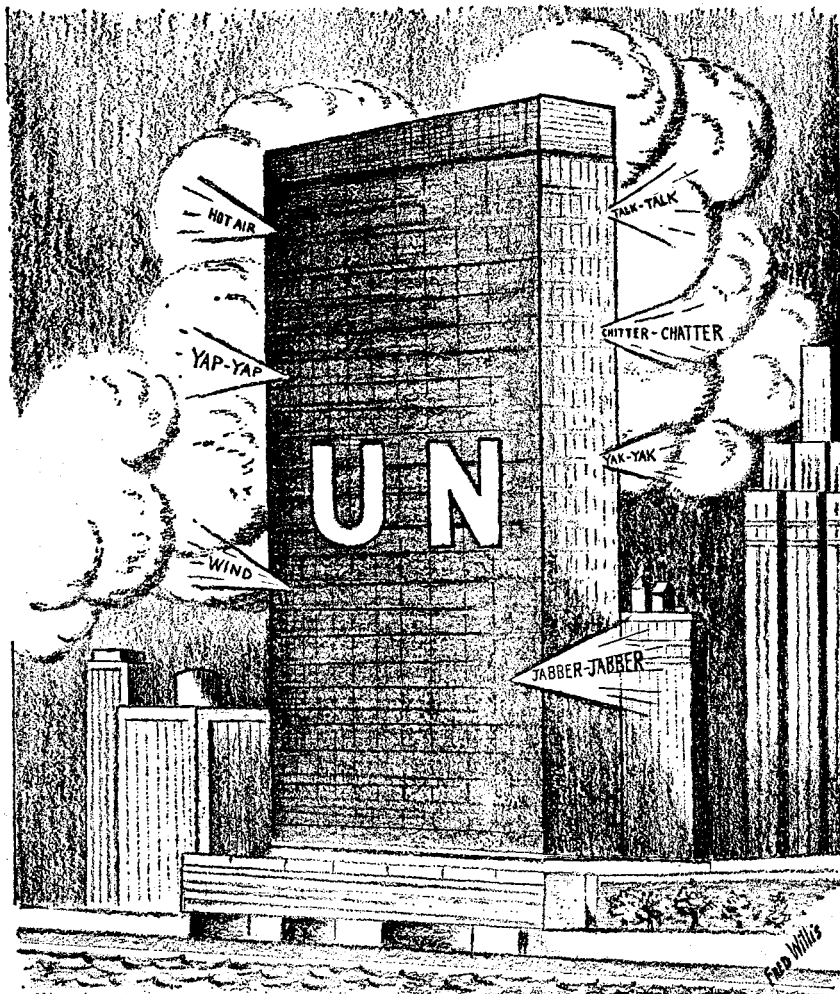


One more blind and faltering step is all that is needed

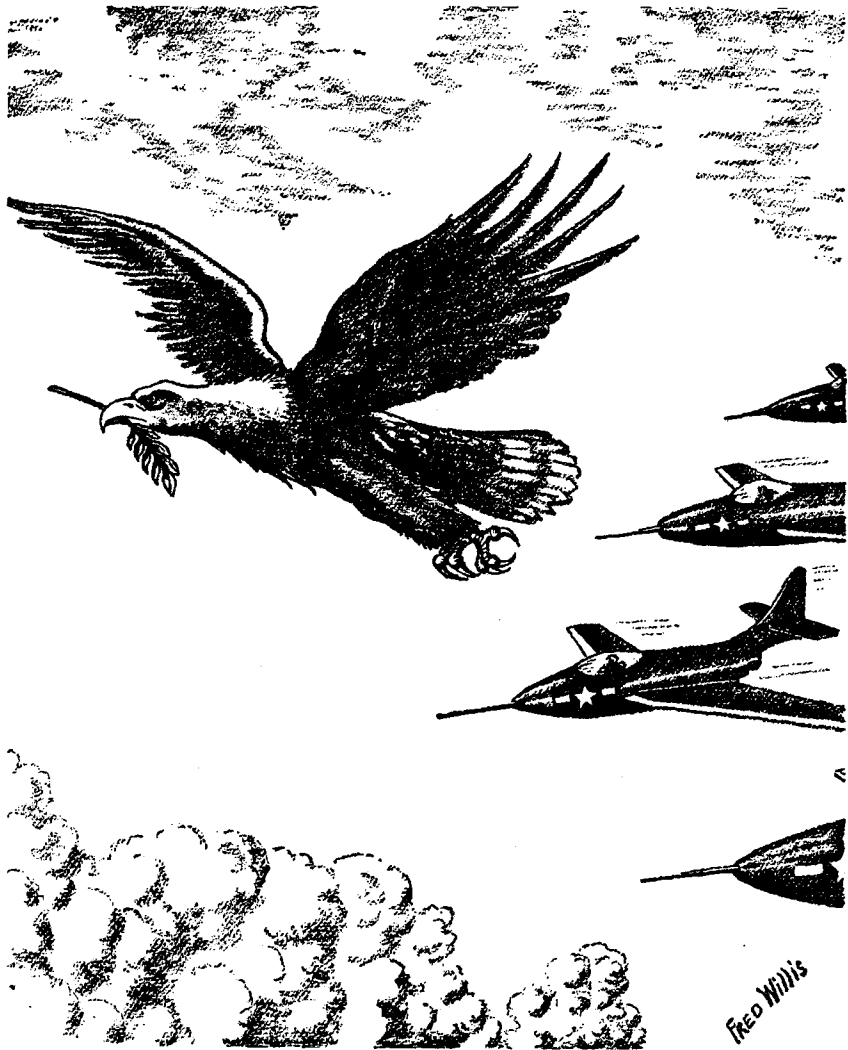




Another bubble . . . Another bust



*The biggest and costliest gas tank in America*



Peace, certainly! But an insured one!

# *We Can't Afford Our* **SLUMS**

BY HERBERT THOMPSON

THERE are over 160 million persons living in the United States on the farms, in the small towns, in the big cities. But how do they live? Most of them live very well, but an amazingly high percentage do not.

Take a train ride to downtown Chicago on a suburban rail line. All the way from the "4700" block South until the train comes to a halt in the downtown station, one looks from the window at mile after mile of tenement dwellings, shacks, factories, warehouses, filth, smoke and decay. Who lives here? The environment itself must make life in the slums a degenerate, almost worthless thing.

One of the biggest arguments for slum clearance and public housing is that slums are costly to the municipality and consequently to the taxpayers of other parts of the city.

The three excerpts below were taken from a table of 14 cities, regarding revenue and municipal costs for slum areas. The three are the low, middle, and high cities.

City taxpayers must be assessed higher taxes in order to make up for the deficit in slum areas. But the emphasis regarding cost is often misplaced. The deficit between what the slums actually pay and what they should pay isn't always the result of excessive municipal expenditures in the slums. Actually, slums are badly underserved and they probably receive the barest minimum of services, compared to the rest of the city.

Health and fire protection expenditures in slum areas are higher than in better parts, but the largest single expenditure, schools, is generally much less.

Here, then, are the big points for slum clearance:

| <i>City</i>        | <i>Date</i> | <i>Expenditures<br/>for Slums</i> | <i>Revenue<br/>from Slums</i> | <i>Ratio</i> |
|--------------------|-------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------|
| Chicago.....       | 1933        | \$3,200,000                       | \$586,061                     | 5.5          |
| Atlanta.....       | 1935        | 74,830                            | 7,539                         | 9.9          |
| San Francisco..... | 1947        | 741,315                           | 386,020                       | 2.0          |

1. Slums don't pay their own way, and must be subsidized by taxpayers in other areas.

2. Clearance and redevelopment mean higher revenues, either from payment in lieu of taxes or from ordinary property taxes.

3. Replacement means lower crime, death, and disease rates.

In 1933 the Illinois Housing Commission was appointed by Governor Emerson. This group studied a blighted though not strictly a slum area of one square mile, three miles from the downtown area of Chicago. The ratio of expenditures made by the city to revenues levied in the area was almost three to one.

Again in Chicago, the South Side Planning Board estimate in 1946 studied poor housing conditions. The board concluded that the slum areas paid \$7 million in taxes, while their share was actually \$22 million, leaving the deficit of \$15 million to be paid by taxpayers of other parts of the city.

A third study of housing in Chi-

cago was made in the Chicago Board Housing Authority estimate in 1951. Its findings were that \$20 million a year more is spent on slums for municipal services than the slums return in taxes. Public housing, on the other hand, was returning in the same year more than 80 percent more in taxes or payments-in-lieu-of-taxes than was paid on the old slum properties.

THIS 1951 group studied and compared four slum and four non-slum areas in Chicago. Below is an example of one of the comparison tables. Results of the other tables are as follows:

1. Juvenile delinquency is up to 30 times greater in the slum areas.
2. Truancy is seven times greater.
3. Tuberculosis mortality is 15 times greater.
4. Infant mortality is over three times higher.
5. Pneumonia mortality is over four times greater.

CRIMES KNOWN TO THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT IN SELECTED POLICE DISTRICTS, PER 1,000 POPULATION, 1948

| <i>Population</i>           | <i>All Major Offenses</i> |                  | <i>Major Crimes of Violence</i> |                  |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|------------------|---------------------------------|------------------|
|                             | <i>TOTAL</i>              | <i>PER 1,000</i> | <i>TOTAL</i>                    | <i>PER 1,000</i> |
| City-wide. . . . .          | —                         | 13.6             | —                               | 2.73             |
| Slum areas. . . . . 305,984 | 9,300                     | 30.3             | 2,758                           | 9.01             |
| Non-slum. . . . . 298,886   | 2,446                     | 8.2              | 229                             | .77              |

(Major offenses are primarily crimes against property. Major crimes of violence include murder, manslaughter, rape, robbery, and aggravated assault.)

6. Residential fires occur four times as often.

Another chart included in the report shows overcrowding. (More than 1.51 persons per room is considered overcrowding.) In the lowest non-slum area, there was overcrowding in 1.1 percent of the dwellings, while 7.2 was the percentage for the highest non-slum area. In the slums it ranged from 9.4 to 19.0 per cent. Data was taken from the U. S. Bureau of the Census reports.

DELINQUENCY studies conducted in Chicago over a period of thirty years show that slum areas definitely provide an unhealthy atmosphere. Three areas were studied—one near the Loop, one in the stockyards area, and one near the steel mills. The racial groups living in these areas changed considerably during the period, from Irish and German to Polish, Italian, and Negro. But the conditions of delinquency remained stable, and high. This seems rather definite proof that slums are not caused by a degenerate people, but are causes themselves of degeneration.

A report on public housing and its social effects in Newark, New Jersey, in 1946, shows interesting conclusions. At that time, there were 10,207 persons living in Newark's seven projects. The report includes letters written by new occupants of the various projects. The appreciation and gratitude, the newly discovered sense of pride and

dignity of these persons is remarkable.

Extensive surveys were conducted in Newark comparing the projects with the city's wards. The results are as follows:

1. The tuberculosis rate in the projects was 2.9 per 1,000 persons; in the wards, the figure was 5.8.
2. There were 41 infant mortalities in the projects; 50 in the wards.
3. Fatal home accidents in the projects, none; in the wards, 2.5 for every 10,000 persons.
4. With the exception of one project, juvenile delinquency was lower than in the wards.
5. No girl delinquents were found in the projects, while 22 per cent of all delinquents in the wards were girls.
6. Fires per 10,000 persons in the projects, 7.9; in the wards, 28.2.

Social scientists consider good housing in terms of human relationships. In this light, there can be no doubt of the worth of public housing projects such as those in Newark.

In the nation today there are six million city dwellings without toilets and only eighty-one percent of America's urban houses have both toilet and bath. These figures are illustrative of the squalor in which so many of our people live.

It seems obvious that the road to improvement must be taken. It's imperative for the good of the country, from both economic and sociological viewpoints.

***Where There's a***



**WILL**



***By Trevor Holloway***

**F**REAK WILLS are nothing new, but surely the palm must be awarded to John Bowerman, an American citizen, who left the bulk of his money to himself! So certain was he that he would come back to life that he planned to do so in comfort. He directed his relatives to arrange for the construction of an elaborate tomb containing a furnished and centrally heated room, provided regularly with up-to-date newspapers, magazines and other comforts.

John Farkas, a famous Hungarian lawyer, left a will that set lawyers arguing for half a century. Incidentally, it was only the lawyers that benefited from the Farkas fortune. Here is the problem that Farkas set his executor:

"I bequeath my entire fortune and all my earthly possessions, comprising my estate of three thousand acres, my house, my bank account, etc., to whosoever may in the course of the next ten years give the best answers to the following three questions: What is it that is endless and perpetual on earth? What do people want money for? Why do people want to carry on lawsuits?

"Until such time as one of my would-be heirs gives the most cor-

rect answers to these questions, I charge the executor of my will to manage my estate and to divide the income thereof among various charities . . ."

The relatives were furious, but the will was perfectly legal and valid. Answers to the seemingly simple questions began to pour into the executor's office within the first week, but by the terms of the will they all had to wait ten years before any verdict could be made known. Then the trouble began. One group of relatives filed a lawsuit against the would-be heirs who had no relationship to Farkas. Twenty lawyers fought tooth and nail to prove the will illegal, drafted by a man of unsound mind.

By the time the ten years were up, half the contestants had given up the struggle and a dozen lawyers had made small fortunes for themselves.

To complicate matters still further, a panel of experts consisting of philosophers, law scholars and university professors (all of whom had to be paid) decided that no completely satisfactory answer had been submitted. Eventually the panel produced a list of twenty-two names of contestants adjudged to have given



answers of equal merit. But these people refused to agree to any division of what little money was now remaining and a fifty-year battle fizzled out with no one save the lawyers any the better off.

ALTHOUGH many a husband has sought by his will to prevent his wife from marrying after his death, a few have "left" their wives to friends or relations. A Chicago merchant, in his will, made his wife the subject of a bequest to his chief clerk, to whom he left his business, also. Fortunately the woman, much to the clerk's relief, accepted his attentions and before long the happy pair were man and wife.

But things turned out differently when a Liverpool businessman appointed a friend as his sole executor and in his will expressed his desire to leave him "the most precious possession I had on this earth" — his wife. The trustee was both embarrassed and annoyed and considered it a tactless joke on the part of his friend. He solved the problem by promptly renouncing the executorship — much to the relief of the woman, who was no more anxious for the union planned by her late husband than the man to whom she had been bequeathed!

"Reprisal" wills are not uncommon, for many a person who has nursed a grievance on earth has sought to strike back from the grave.

Some years ago a Philadelphia woman left instructions for her

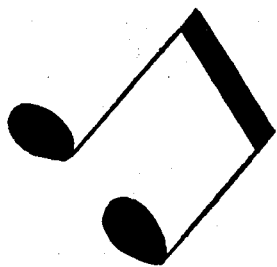
executor to take one dollar from her estate, invest it, and pay the interest to her husband "as evidence of my estimate of his worth." Not many years back, a spiteful husband left his wife a fortune of well over a million dollars — but only on condition that she smoked five cigars a day. If she had allowed her husband to smoke cigars at home and put up with the aroma he would not have thought of this neat "vengeance" clause. The courts ruled that the will was made by a sane man and that the conditions must be met.

When the will of an Italian was read in 1950, one of the grandsons was surprised that there was a bequest for him — a live hand grenade with full instructions for blowing himself up!

When Hans Muller, a miser of Munich, died in 1942, his relatives were much surprised to be invited to the funeral, for no love was lost between them. But dutifully, and as the old man directed, they assembled in an upstairs room. Suddenly and without warning, the floor gave way under them and many were injured. Disgruntled old Hans had sawed through the beams!

To end on a cheerful note, what better than mention of a bequest made by a former Lloyd's underwriter, Captain H. F. Pryke, who died in 1950? He left the sum of £1,000 "to throw a party worthy of the Honourable Artillery Company near the anniversary of my death — and let it be a gay party."





# Sound On DISC

CONSTANT LAMBERT believed that jazz was "a universal anodyne, like aspirin," that it expressed the "psychological truth" of our times, and offered the "most plastic basis" for modern composition. His *Concerto for Pianoforte and Nine Players* was an attempt to bring to the concert hall the cross-rhythms and broad contrapuntal idiom of jazz. Lambert, however, succeeded only in creating an oddly exhilarating piece of music, rich in wit and spritely in its effects — a sort of minor-league, modern *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*. That extraordinary Israeli pianist, Menahem Pressler, and conductor Theodore Bloomfield give it a rousing performance. (MGM E-3081.)

More sophisticated and polished in manner is Paul Bowles' *Music For a Farce*, which was written for a never-produced play. Bowles reversed the Lambert process by invading the popular stage with the weapons of modern style. The result — a suite for clarinet, trumpet, percussion, and piano — is engaging, sly, and often whimsical. It reflects the off-beat sensibility which has made Bowles so weirdly potent a

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## The Recent Recordings

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novelist. Ironically, his *Scène d'Anabase*, which occupies the reverse side, seems sterile in comparison. Though it obviously enlisted his devoted efforts, this setting for some verses of St. Jean Perse does not come up to the *Farce*, which was more or less tossed off. (COLUMBIA ML-4845.)

Sacheverell Sitwell said of Franz Liszt's *Fantasia and Fugue on B.A.C.H.* that it is "one of the most tremendous things in all contrapuntal music." There is no doubt that it is a great exploration of the resources of the organ and a thoroughly rewarding investment. This reviewer finds it considerably less appealing than Liszt's *Gloria and Credo from an Organ Mass* on the same record, which is deeply moving in its religious appeal and warmly lyric. E. Power Biggs, at the "Great Instrument" at the Methuen Memorial Music



Hall in Massachusetts, needs no reappraisal as a master musician. The recording picks up every nuance of his superlative playing. (COLUMBIA ML-4820.)

For the Russophiles (pre-Revolution, please), there are two interesting recordings: Balakirev's *Tamar*, a symphonic poem, and Rimsky-Korsakov's suite from *Ivan the Terrible*. How well these two members of "The Five" expressed the soul of Russia is moot. There is no doubt, however, that they did pour into French and Italian bottles an "oriental" wine, self-consciously exotic but of considerable headiness. Both works, played by the London Symphony Orchestra, are conducted in excellent taste by Anatole Fistoulari, who once led the Grande Opera Russe at the request of Chaliapin. (MGM E-3079.) . . . Somewhat pallid in comparison is a selection of pieces by Alfvén, Svendsen, Sibelius, and Nielsen — Scandinavians all — in performances by John Hollingsworth and the Royal Opera House Orchestra of Covent Garden. The major works on this LP are Alfvén's *Midsummer Vigil* and Svendsen's *Carnival at Paris* — both light, capricious and not too consequential. (MGM E-3082.)

**I**F YOU are looking for a grim and uncomfortable evening, an obstetrics room recording of the *Birth of a Baby* is highly recommended. A doctor explains all the essential details and the mother's moans, picked

up by a microphone in a Madison, Wisconsin, hospital add the necessary realism. (CAPITOL H-480.) . . . Two volumes of more enticing *Background Music* are also available, the latest additions to a growing series. Volume 5 is *Sweet and Sentimental*, or music to neck by; Volume 6 is *Songs for Harmonizing*, a bunch of old tunes which go well with beer and pretzels. (CAPITOL H-472 and H-473.) . . . I suspect that in time they will issue records to play while you are playing other records. This will be the ultimate in backgrounds.

A battle of jazz, *Dixieland vs. Birdland*, presents the conflict of the old two-beat music and the bebop (or cool) reincarnation. *That's A Plenty*, *Perdido*, and *Get Happy*, are played first by Bobby Byrne and his NBC Dixielanders, then repeated by Kai Winding and his Birdland All-Stars — then the two bands mix it up together on *Hot & Cool Blues*. Both styles are expressed with bounce, fervor, and eloquence — but it is this listener's jaded opinion that the creative flame of jazz is burning low. For the *aficionados*, this will be good fun and stimulate some hot discussion. (MGM E-231.) There will be more than a little quiet satisfaction from a collection of Irving Berlin waltzes — *All Alone*, *Always*, *You Forgot To Remember*, etc., liltingly rendered by Paul Britten and his orchestra — a tribute to one of the most unfailing of the popular composers of our time. (MGM E-216.) R. DE T.

# Genius Knows No Age

YOU CAN'T RETIRE THE SOUL . . .  
SOME OF THE GREATEST WORK  
EVER DONE WAS THE LATEST WORK

*By Duane Valentry*

IT WAS sixty-eight years ago, in Rio de Janeiro, that a slim, dark-eyed youth of nineteen was pushed onto the podium at the last possible moment to conduct the opera *Aida* in the absence of the regular orchestra leader. At the end he was given rousing cheers by the audience and found himself a sudden celebrity.

To this day, and through all the years that have intervened, Arturo Toscanini has remained the pet of audiences, and has never failed to give them a performance less than flawless. Directing every program he does from memory, the venerated leader, at eighty-seven, is the wonder of all who hear him.

But he is not the only man to do great work in old age. The history of mankind abounds with rich evidence that the talents given to humans will continue their unfolding processes practically as long as the mind calls upon them to do so.

The great Michelangelo was sixty

when he began to write poetry, having long excelled in most of the arts. In his late years, he was appointed chief architect of St. Peter's Church in Rome and completed, at the age of seventy, his glorious figures of "Moses and the Slaves," which still amaze today. Until the day he died, at eighty-nine, he retained his technical mastery, majestic talent and inexhaustible energy, creating the dome of St. Peter's with its famous fresco, "The Last Judgment," and many other works of genius.

Another of the great masters, the Venetian painter Titian, spread the lavish effulgence of his talent over the canvas of a full century, dying at the age of ninety-nine. His portraits were profound psychological studies, and his religious works marvelous examples of creative ability. Like Michelangelo, he was busy as long as he breathed, and many of his fine works came late in life.

"You do not know yet what it is to be seventy years old," wrote the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, to a friend. "It is like climbing the Alps. You reach a snow-crowned summit, and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you other summits higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb, or may not. All that one can say is that life is opportunity."

THE ENDLESS opportunity and challenge of the years has been accepted by men of science as well as art. The astronomer Galileo continued to experiment and work despite blindness which came to him at seventy-three. Luther Burbank, the "wizard of horticulture," developed many of his endless varieties of fruits and flowers in his late years. Working on a scale so vast few others have attempted it, Burbank at one time had 80,000 lilies in bloom in his gardens, valued at a quarter of a million dollars. Up to his seventy-seventh year he pattered happily among his nature-revolutionizing experiments.

Born in 1847, Thomas Alva Edison was busy adding to the long list of his inventions all his life. Most of his last years were spent experimenting to find a satisfactory synthetic rubber, and in 1930, one year before his death, he patented a process for extracting that commodity from goldenrod.

Like Albert Einstein today, who

continues to work at seventy-four, Samuel Morse found much to do to round out his days after the invention of the telegraph made him famous. Patenting a marble-cutting machine, experimenting with telegraphy by underwater cable, and introducing to America the process of photography developed by Louis Daguerre, he still had time to be one of the founders of Vassar College.

"The first forty years of life give us the text; the next thirty supply the commentary on it," said Schopenhauer, who did not enjoy popularity, or recognition of his own philosophic writings, until the latter half of a lifetime swarming with violence and fear.

The pages of literature bulge with the work of men long past their prime. The most recently celebrated was, of course, George Bernard Shaw, who remained active as a writer until his final illness, but the novel *Resurrection* was finished by Leo Tolstoy when he was in his seventies.

"My trade is to say what I think," declared Voltaire, and the world of his time listened with amazement, often with anger, to the insolence, ambition, and brilliant penetration of his fearless intellect. Imprisoned in the Bastille at the age of twenty-three, he was later forced to flee Paris for his life. But by the time he was eighty-four, enthusiastic multitudes thronged about him wherever he went, and the many pamphlets he wrote were eagerly read.

WISDOM has always belonged to age. At seventy, Socrates anciently expounded his timeless brand and had also the courage to drink the poison cup of hemlock rather than give in to his enemies.

The poet Goethe poured all the maturity of his soul into the crowning achievement of his life, *Faust*, completed just before he died at eighty-three.

As Winston Churchill stands today, a mighty political figure unaware of years or any proscribed limitations, so did Benjamin Franklin in his day remain an active participant in political affairs almost to the moment he died. At seventy he was one of the committee on the Declaration of Independence. Still later, he journeyed to France as envoy, creating a profound impression on the French, and to London, where he aided in negotiating the peace treaty of the Revolutionary War.

After serving as two-time president of the United States, Thomas Jefferson retired to undertake what he considered to be one of the most important of his many great works, the establishment of the University of Virginia, thus rounding out one of the fullest of all American lives.

Nor is it only the male of the species who has proven limiting years a mockery.

Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science, wrote *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, world's continued best-

seller second only to the Bible, after she was past her middle years. She also founded the world-girdling church of that religion, and when nearing ninety, established the famous, international daily newspaper *The Christian Science Monitor*.

Much lilting melody was given by Victor Herbert to the world when he was no longer young. Finland's "national treasure," Jean Sibelius, continues to carve grand music in his homeland, where his rugged figure at the age of eighty-eight is a beloved one. Knowing poverty as a boy, he became so universally famous that he was granted a pension in Helsinki of 100,000 marks, the largest sum ever paid to any Finnish citizen other than the president.

Few individuals have ever exerted the hold upon a people that Mohandas Gandhi did. Until the day of his assassination when he was seventy-nine, the nearly 400,000,000 people of India looked steadfastly to him for leadership.

Creative tasks, whether artistic or organizational, scientific or political, seem always to have extended the abilities of mankind far beyond that which is considered their normal span.

Is it possible the Bible promise, set forth so ringingly in Job, is a statement of fact?

"And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning . . ."

## *Do You Know That —*

► The Soviet's leading political economist, Eugene Varga, who a few months ago predicted a fearful depression for the U. S., has modified that prediction drastically, to the extent that foreign observers feel there may be a change in Communist tactics. Varga is believed to serve as a government strategist, as well as propagandist for the Russian public and the outside world.

► An experimental atom-powered railroad locomotive has been devised which would operate for a year on eleven pounds of uranium.

► Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary, known as "the Country Club" for its housing and handling of inmates, has on its rolls Harry Gold and David Greenglass, who confessed their parts in the Rosenberg atomic espionage ring; Douglas Chandler, who went over to the Nazis in World War II; and William Remington and Alger Hiss, convicted of perjury in connection with their Communist activities.

► A study conducted among escapees from Iron Curtain countries reveals that Western broadcasts which feature straight news of the outside world are vastly preferred to propaganda shows.

► British aviation engineers have

been testing a new plane in which the pilot lies on his stomach while operating the craft. The position is found to give the pilot improved resistance to "blacking out" at high speeds.

► Although she was a signatory to an international convention providing for mutual assistance and exchange of information on ships in distress, the Soviet Union's recent reply to a Swedish request for help in searching for some fishermen missing during a storm was her first response to such a call.

► Thomas A. Edison's first movie camera, said to be the first to use a flexible film, was put on exhibition recently after having been thought lost. It was constructed in 1888.

► A United Nations statistical report said that Red Chinese trade with the West in the first half of 1953 was more than one hundred million dollars greater than for the corresponding period in the previous year. This does not include illegal trade activities, such as the effort recently uncovered by U. S. Treasury agents to smuggle hundreds of thousands of pounds of cinnamon bark into the U. S., or the enormous drug traffic.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

  
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# **We've Had Enough of One-Man Rule**

**BY A. T. CHAPMAN**

  
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**D**URING the New Deal administration all decisions in government were made by Franklin D. Roosevelt; few Cabinet members, Senators, Congressmen, or even Supreme Court judges dared question the ideas and opinions of the master of the White House. Those who did usually had short tenure; for through a tremendous political machine built up with tax money, Mr. Roosevelt controlled the major part of all political patronage. Despite the fact that some "purges" of political opponents failed when they were initiated in the plain view of the public, many successful purges were made without the public's ever being aware of what was happening. The elimination of opponents from important positions was one of the vital steps toward one-man rule of the country through the executive office of the President. Many of the facts in these covert manipulations are coming to light through the publication of secret

papers and diaries of ex-New Dealers, the latest one being that of Harold Ickes, Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior.

By the time Harry Truman was elevated to the highest office in the land we seemed to be already accepting the precept that the man in the White House was the master of this country. He, of course, did nothing to dissuade the public from this belief; indeed it is doubtful whether he could have. Truman was a straw in the maelstrom, incapable of grasping any solid footing on any basis except precinct politics in-fighting. Nevertheless, he in some respects became more dictatorial than his predecessor; at least Roosevelt did not openly attempt to seize private property—he did it the subtle way of subsidization, government lending, and so forth.

In the election of 1952 the voters felt that they were repudiating government by Presidential decree, but thus far the same pressure groups

which so influenced Truman have prevented a reversion to the truly republican type of government. A recent indication that executive supremacy remains is the extreme pressure being placed on Senator McCarthy and others by the administration to abandon their opposition to the Dulles foreign policy.

Why shouldn't honest constructive opposition be voiced by anybody to *any* administration policy? In our form of government, critical decisions are supposed to be made on the basis of the accumulated opinions of appropriate representatives of the people in all three departments, legislative, judiciary, and executive. In the government family itself each member has a moral responsibility to present his conclusions intelligently regarding each important issue. A wise President depends on his staff for participation in all decisions when it is possible to do so.

Staff decisions should be reached through echelon conferences. The considered opinion of the greater part of the administrative staff and the legislative branches is more likely to be accurate than is that of one man.

**W**E HAVE come these days to expect too much from our executive, and to look to him as our saviour and benefactor, when we should be more cognizant of and demanding upon the powers of our Representa-

tives and Senators in Congress. These lawmakers are the actual representatives of the people; the President's office was established and meant to be for the purposes of administering and protecting the regulations formulated by the Congress.

Instead, we seem to have reversed things, and now hold the President responsible for getting laws passed, while considering the Congress subservient to the executive department. This is constitutionally improper, and the persistence of such a wrongful attitude on the part of the public could destroy our freedoms, as examination of any totalitarian state in history will prove.

President Eisenhower seems to be doing all he can to reverse this trend toward centralized and absolute power in the executive office, but effective reversal of the trend will require the whole-hearted support of the public. We must divest ourselves of the enslaving habit of calling upon the Federal Government for paternal assistance in managing our own personal affairs. Even in matters in which some government intervention is desirable, local or state government could handle most situations more efficiently and economically than can national authorities.

The present administration is anxious to reverse this trend of subservience to the executive department. Let us not fail to lend our assistance to this most vital cause.



# MADE IN THE LAND OF



## *do without*

BY EDWIN J. BECKER

THERE is a section within 100 miles of Asheville, N. C., which has often been referred to as "the land of do without" — the Southern Appalachia region which, to outlanders, is hillbilly country. Yet, here there are thousands of men, women and children engaged in work which is making the region famous.

Working in their homes, these people are turning out an astonishing variety of things frequently useful, often unique as works of art.

Granny Donaldson lives in a tiny hamlet nestling in the very shadows of the Great Smokies. She is old, bent, wise in the way of mountain folk, and she has probably never been beyond the meager town limits of Marble, N. C. But Granny Donaldson has a spreading fame, for she is the lady who made the first "cow-blanket."

In Italy there is an annual fiesta during which the natives honor their cows. The

bovines are bedecked with gaudy robes. Granny Donaldson, somehow, learned of this fiesta in a far-off land. She began to croon lovingly to her cow, Bessie. This cow is Granny Donaldson's big love in life. Just a patient, cud-chewing, slightly sway-backed cow — but to Granny a lovely animal to behold.

So, Granny Donaldson made a cow-blanket. It was a beautiful thing to look upon. Made from soft, homespun wool and lavishly decorated with intricate, gaily colored, crocheted figures, it represented the skill of Granny's hands plus her observation of the things about her. Each figure represented some phase of her life-long environment.

Bessie, the cow, became the most spectacular animal in the Smokies. Old cronies of Granny Donaldson came long distances to see the cow's fancy robe.

Then a passer-by saw Bessie's blanket. Granny Donaldson thought the outlander



was "tetched in the haid," but, if she wanted it to hang up in her house, well then all right. So she sold Bessie's blanket.

Overnight Granny Donaldson was set up in business. Cow-blankets became the talk of Asheville and other cities. Today her colorful blankets are for sale in some of the most exclusive city shops. Decorators and collectors prize the handicraft of Granny Donaldson.

In many instances these folks of Southern Appalachia who are artists with their hands look upon their work as a hobby, with income as a happy coincidence. Nevertheless, the demand for their various products has helped improve their living conditions to a considerable degree.

In the little settlement of Boons, Mrs. Chanie Harden suddenly went into business for herself at the age of seventy-eight. One day Mrs. Harden was listening intently when one of her grandchildren was talking about a trip to Blowing Rock. The child was excited. It seems as though a "tourister" had come to Blowing Rock wearing an attractive straw visor.

Mrs. Harden leaned back in her favorite cane-bottomed rocking chair and rocked thoughtfully for a few minutes. Hadn't her mother, who was a pioneer, made such hats out of corn shucks? She certainly had. Then Mrs. Harden removed herself from the rocker and headed

for her ancient sewing machine. In no time at all her granddaughter had a hat that would have turned the tourister green with envy. Thereafter Mrs. Harden was definitely in business, and her hats from corn shucks fetched high prices.

The art of working with their hands comes naturally to the folk of Southern Appalachia. It is a poor country. Crops do not grow well; incomes have always been down to bedrock. These people have to improvise with their hands from native materials.

Thus, in a region where it is essential to do it yourself or do without, it is natural that handicrafts attain the stature of an art. No census has ever been made of these home industries in the Smokies, but it is believed that about 6,000 families derive their livelihood from such work.

AT BURNSVILLE, N. C., there is a blacksmith. Ask him his name and he'll tell you: "Dan'l Boone the 7th!"

Came the war and Dan'l Boone's son went marching off. The veteran of the Smokies style of fighting was worried. Did his boy have the "right killin' tools?" He doubted it. So Dan'l sat himself down to his workbench and in no time at all made a beautiful, hollow-ground, wicked, man-cutting knife.

Overseas the mountain boy from Burnsville unwrapped the package



his blacksmith father had sent him. His buddies exclaimed over it. One chap insisted that he wanted one. When Dan'l Boone the 7th learned this, he made another. Then a marine saw that knife.

Dan'l was "gol-durned" busy but he sat himself down at the bench to make "man-cuttin' tools."

Today, hunting knives from the workbench of Dan'l Boone of Burnsville are selling like hot cakes in sporting goods stores.

Most handicrafting comes about by no previous design. In some cases, though, it is planned.

In Moore County they call Jaques Busbee the "Boss of Jugtown." Jaques is an accomplished artist. He and his wife are both well-educated. They have traveled; they are interested in the native arts of Southern Appalachia.

Twenty years ago the Busbees sold a very valuable library. They needed money to carry out a pet project they had mulled over for several years. It seems as though Moore County had once been the center of an ancient pottery industry. The Busbees, through research locally and elsewhere, had learned that in colonial times skilled potters from England had settled in the territory that was later to be known as Moore County. But the potters had no replacements for their tools, and their art died out.

Jaques searched about until he came upon old pottery designs that had been practically forgotten. Then

they gathered recruits from among the natives and today, twenty-five years later, Jaques Busbee and his wife have a thriving Old American pottery business. Many of the workers are direct descendants of the potters who came to the colony from England.

THERE have been instances when entire communities have been affected by the handicraft work of one person. In four counties surrounding Asheville, there is a booming business in hooked rugs. Entire families are busy at work turning out these colorful rugs. Incomes run the gamut from \$100 to more than \$3,000 a year per family.

In recent years a nonprofit organization known as the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild has been developed to handle the output of these natives. The Guild exerts a rigid control over the artistic merit of the products it sells.

Mrs. John C. Campbell is famous for her Folk School at Brasstown, N. C. She has operated the school for quite a few years and has always tried to encourage native arts and crafts. Tired of seeing a congregation of loafers from Shooting Creek sitting around whittling away their time, Mrs. Campbell induced the whole kaboodle of them to attend woodcarving classes at the Folk School. Now, instead of cutting pieces out of counters in the stores, the whittlers are harvesting a cash crop from carving quaint figures.

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